

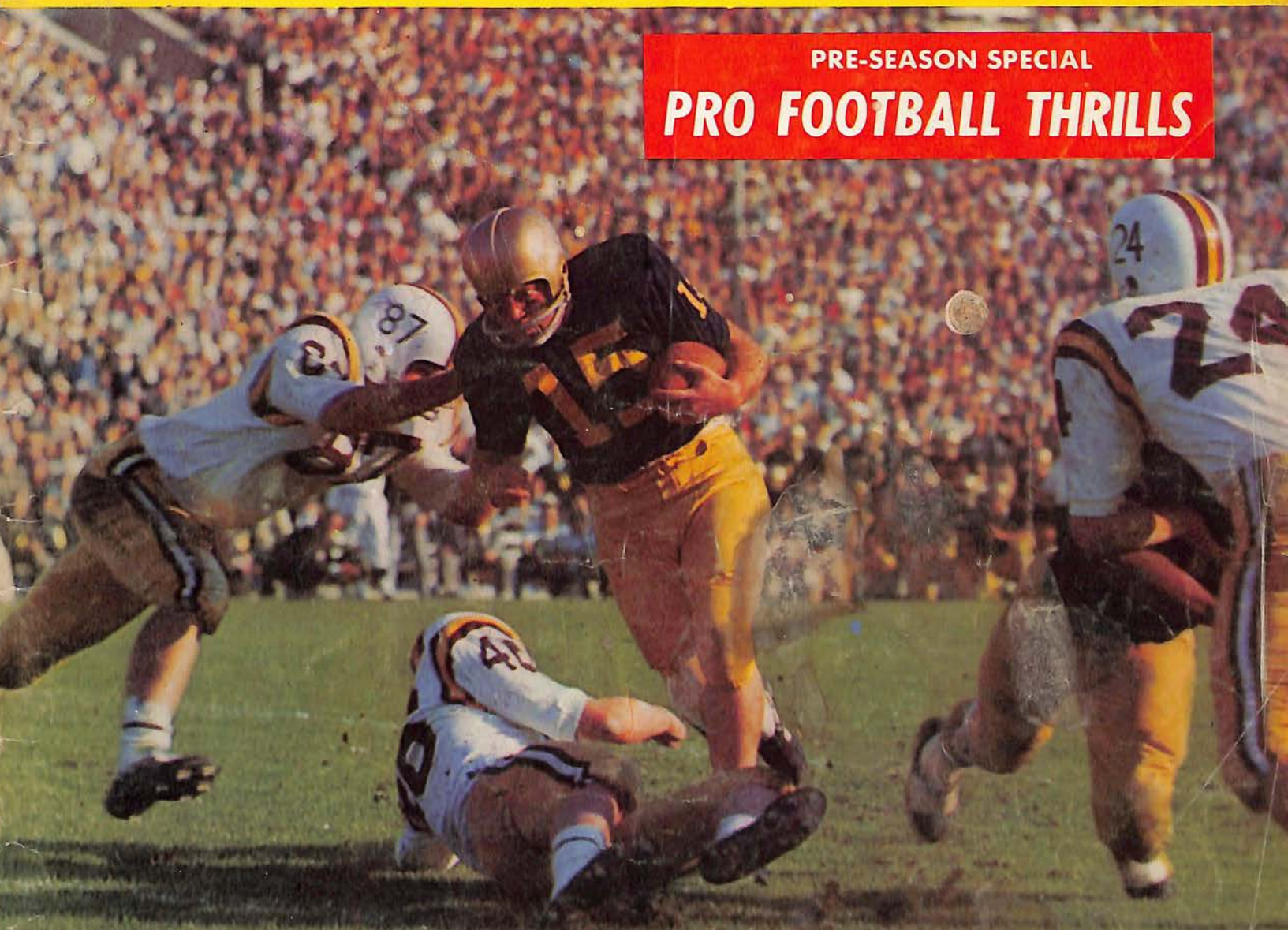
GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS

NOV.
1961
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BASEBALL • BOXING • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • TRACK • HOCKEY • GOLF • TENNIS

PRE-SEASON SPECIAL

PRO FOOTBALL THRILLS



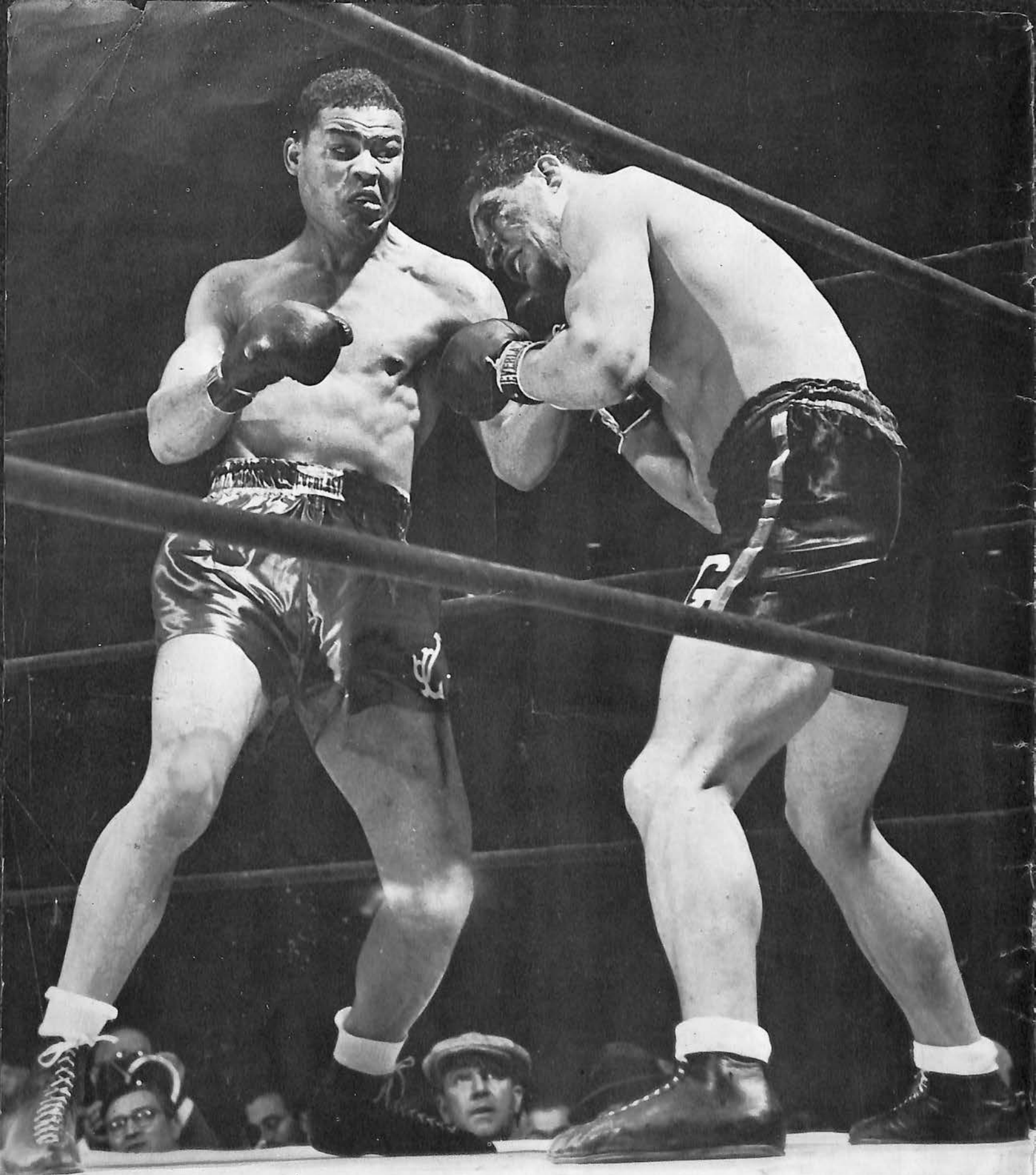
Bob Schloredt—The Rose Bowl's One-Eyed Wonder
GREATEST THRILLS OF "PAPA BEAR"—GEORGE HALAS
Ike Williams—The Night He Made a "Payment in Full"

WORLD SERIES GREATS:

N. Y. Yankees—
Revenge of
"Murderers' Row"

Harry Brecheen—
The Cat Who
Turned Lion

Johnny Podres—
A 15c Ride To
Immortality



Hatred contorts Louis' face as he pummels foe who humiliated him more than Schmeling. P. 34.



GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS

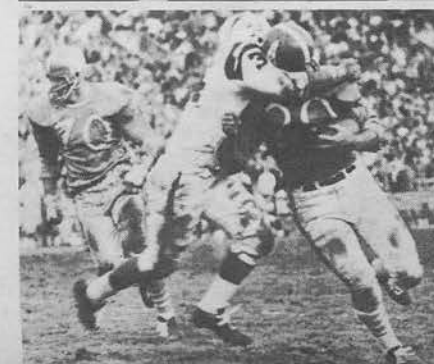
BOB SCHLOREDT — THE ROSE BOWL'S ONE-EYED WONDER ...	4
IKE WILLIAMS — THE NIGHT HE MADE A "PAYMENT IN FULL" 10	
HOW TOM HARMON PROVED HE WASN'T WASHED UP	16

THE GREATEST THRILLS OF "PAPA BEAR"

— GEORGE HALAS

INTRODUCTION	21
THE GAME HE USED HIS HEAD TO WIN	22
BIRTH OF THE BEARS	24
PACKING IN THE CROWDS	26
START OF A DYNASTY	28
MASSACRE ON THE POTOMAC	30
RETURN TO GLORY	32

WHEN LOUIS FINALLY SHOOK GODOY OUT OF THE CROUCH	34
THE YEAR THE CARDS WERE CHICAGO'S BEST	40
HOW BLANDA BEAT THE NEW YORK JINX	45
YOU'D WANT TO FORGET, TOO!	49
ALBIE BOOTH — THE GRENADE THAT ROCKED ARMY	50
THE BENCH WARMER WHO GOT TOO HOT FOR DUKE	54
THE AFTERNOON LUCKMAN COULDN'T DO WRONG	58
WORLD SERIES GREATS	63
NEW YORK YANKEES — REVENGE OF "MURDERERS' ROW"	64
HARRY BRECHEEN — THE CAT WHO TURNED LION	69
JOHNNY PODRES — A 15-CENT RIDE TO IMMORTALITY	74
ROUGH 'N TUMBLE	78



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Bob Schloredt--

The Rose Bowl's One Eyed Wonder

**For Washington's No. 15, injuries
were an old thing. He wasn't going to
let a broken collar bone stop him!**

BOB SCHLOREDT snapped the University of Washington Huskies out of their huddle, moved to the line of scrimmage and began barking signals over the roar of the crowd at Washington Stadium in Seattle.

The ball came back and Schloredt faked first to his fullback, then to the right half and carried himself on his famous rollout.

There was a sickening thud as Bob smacked the Navy line head-on. The crowd gasped. It was apparent the All-American quarterback, who had been blind in his left eye since boyhood, wasn't getting up.

"Oh, no," cried the disappointed alumni when a stretcher was sent to the field. "There goes our chances in the Rose Bowl."

The next day's papers told the entire story.

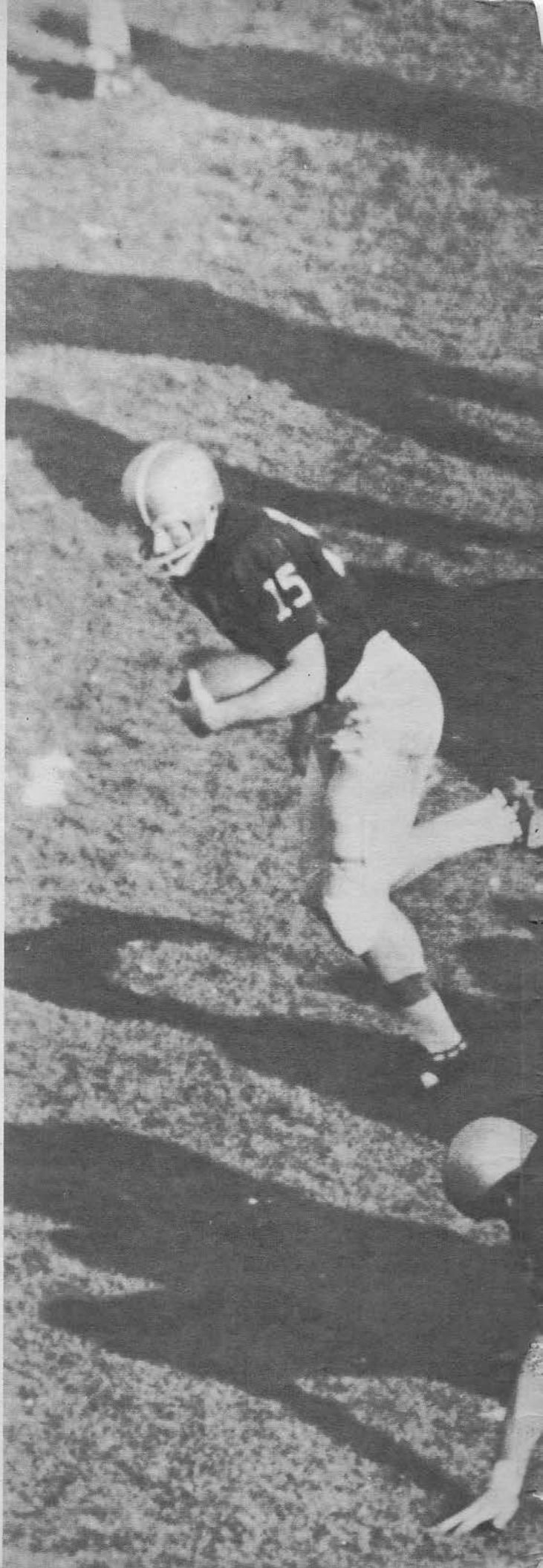
"Schloredt Suffers Shoulder Separation," screamed the headlines. "All-American Sidelined for Season."

The wire services spread the news across the nation and the football world felt deep sympathy for this boy, hurt in the third game of his senior year, just when he was reaching the peak of a brilliant college career.

Less than a year before, Schloredt had become the darling of the college football set when his daring play-calling, brilliant running and magnificent passing sparked the Huskies to a sensational 44-8 upset of Wisconsin.

They carried Schloredt off the field that day, too, only under different circumstances. He rode on the shoulders of his happy teammates while the cheers of the crowd rang in his ears.

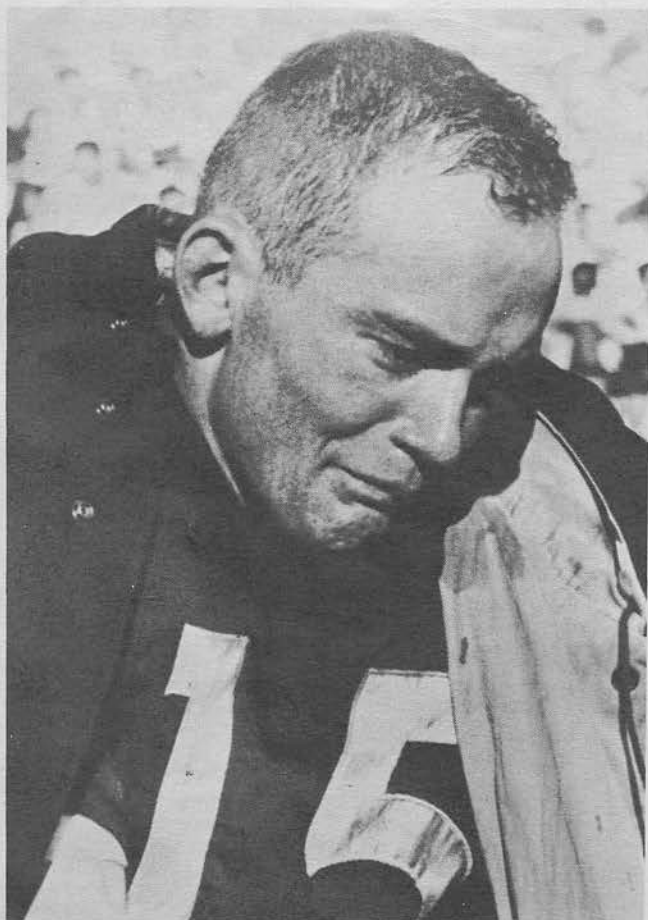
A Big Ten team had won the big New Year's Day







In the Rose Bowl game of 1960, Schloredt could do no wrong. He shared game's MVP award with George Fleming (No. 25). Below, after breaking collar bone against UCLA, last year, the Huskie QB wept at thought he was through for season.



classic 12 times in the previous 13 tries and Wisconsin had been a solid 6½-point choice to do it again.

But the oddsmakers and the Badgers hadn't reckoned with young Mr. Schloredt. In fact, no one did. Who heard of a one-eyed quarterback making good in college?

But, then, they don't know Bob Schloredt.

Bob made them sit up and take notice that New Year's Day 1960 against Wisconsin in Pasadena where 100,809 fans watched him destroy the Badgers almost single-handedly.

He carried 21 times for 81 yards and a touchdown. He threw seven passes, completed four including another touchdown. And he punted four times for a 39.2-yard average.

When it was over, Schloredt was named Most Valuable Player and he was the toast of Seattle with another year to continue making a name in football.

Now he was being carried off the field on a stretcher to a hospital. The future? Who knows?

The miracle was that Bob ever played football at all. At the age of six, in Moorcraft, Wyo., Bob was playing with a buddy. The other boy tossed a firecracker in a bottle and it exploded. A jagged piece of glass flew into Bob's left eye.

The boy was rushed to a hospital, and an emergency operation saved 10 percent of its vision.

Most people would have brooded about the accident and with justification. Some would have been content to take a safe, secure job as a clerk. Not Schloredt. It was always Bob's ambition to be an athlete, and he wasn't going to let an accident stop him.

The Schloredts moved to Gresham, Ore., and Bob did his best to live an athletic life. He was a .350 hitter for the Gresham High baseball team. He was high scorer in basketball and an all-state football player. He also boxed a little and was an honor student. "I owe it all to mom and dad," Bob says gratefully. "They let me do everything all the other kids did. In fact they encouraged me to play sports. Mom never worried about me when I played ball and dad treated me like any other kid."

Bob's dad is a teacher and football and baseball coach in Portland, and it was his understanding and encouragement that gave Bob the confidence in his ability to succeed despite the handicap.

"Only a few close friends knew I had a bad eye. I never thought about it. I got used to it," the young man said.

Bob's left eye can distinguish figures, but not faces. He can count fingers only when they are close and even then his preception is blurred.

When young Schloredt graduated from Gresham High, they retired his jersey No. 55 and the usual pursuit began from colleges for his services, handicap and all.

Bob got the red-carpet treatment accorded any high school football hero. He was spirited off to campuses all over the country for weekends of salesmanship.

But it was mutual admiration at first sight when Schloredt met Jim Owens, youthful coach of Washington. After that first meeting Bob's mind was made up. It had to be Washington.



Never a man to sulk, Bob was soon back to inspire his teammates. At his right stands successor Bob Hivner.

The elder Schloredt went along with the boy's decision 100 percent although many others tried to dissuade him.

"If Bob goes to Washington," they said, "he'll never be anything more than a fourth-string quarterback."

"That's fine," Schloredt, Sr. retorted. "If Bob's no better than fourth string, he'll be in the company of three pretty damn good quarterbacks."

Bob never lacked confidence, but he always maintained a sense of humility. Even after he brought Washington a victory in the Rose Bowl against Wisconsin he continued to be his own severest critic.

"I consider myself just adequate," he told reporters who clamored to get the life story of this amazing boy who rose to great heights with one eye in a sport where physical perfection is practically a necessity.

"I don't think I'm the world's greatest football player. But I want to be judged by what I can do on a football field, not by any so-called handicap. In picking All-America teams, it's only fair to judge by performances, not by eye-charts."

Bob always maintained he lacked style as a quarterback. He insisted Bob Hivner, his Washington understudy, was more reliable on short passes.

Schloredt's forte is his ability to hold the ball a long time before throwing, thereby giving his receivers ample time to get clear. He was only intercepted twice in 75 passes during the 1959 season. This is remarkable when you consider Bob can't judge depth. He jokes about the fact that 3-D movies have no effect for him. "By moving my head back and forth, I can make the good eye do the work of two," he explains. "In this way I can see almost as well as a quarterback who has perfect vision."

If Bob is self-critical, this is not the case of his coaches and teammates. "He's the whole thing," coach Owens said of his quarterback. "He's the heart of our offense. He's close to the ideal. So much of his load is option plays that once he executes them, they're all his. He makes them go. He has the confidence of his players and what's even better, he has confidence in his players. Lots of quarterbacks are fiery, holler guys. Bob leads by example."

Offense coach Tom Tipps had this to say about his star pupil: "Bob has a sixth sense for football. He's a blacksmith type of boy and you can't intimidate him. He's used to rough stuff and he doesn't mind it a bit. We never protect him for the sake of protecting him. You can hardly soften him up at all."

Halfback Don McKeta summed up the feeling Schloredt's teammates have about their field leader.

"Bob's just about the best sort of guy you can think of. He's the kind of guy you want around. He's easy going and sincere as can be and he's reliable."

Schloredt is a throw-back to the old hard-nosed 60-minute football player. In 1959 he played 455 minutes in 10 games, including 60 against Stanford and 55 against Southern California and the McKeever twins. He's the complete ball player who has as much pride in defense as he has in offense. And as much ability. Bob is a student of football who has

developed his own theories on the game.

For instance: "There's an art to being aggressive . . . we call it head hunting or hunting up with the helmet. The idea is if you soften up the other guy, he'll be thinking about you. Take a big end. If his passes are good, he'll outreach you and pull them in. If you tackle him around the shoetops he'll fall down all right . . . But that's not good enough . . . You've got to tackle him so he thinks your helmet is going to tear right through him. Next time he comes out he won't be reaching so far . . . He'll be wondering where you are. We call it 'making them hear footsteps.'"

Bob expects to receive from a defensive player the same treatment he dishes out. "It's your mental attitude that counts," he said. "To me that means being ready to hustle . . . to put everything out of your mind that won't help you play well."

In truth Bob was not an overnight sensation at Washington. Because of Hivner, he was switched to fullback as a freshman and sophomore, but he continued to practice passing by throwing a weighted football. Hivner had the job in his junior year, too, but it was his misfortune to suffer a broken finger in the opening game of the season against Colorado. Schloredt was sent in and he directed the Huskies to a 21-12 victory. From that time on the job was his. Now it was Hivner's turn to sit on the bench as understudy and wait for a chance to show his stuff. That chance was to come, regrettably, with Schloredt laid up in the hospital for the remainder of the 1960 season. A few of the boys went to visit Bob in the hospital the day after his accident. "I'll be back, don't worry," Bob promised his teammates. "Just get through the rest of the season and I'll be ready for the Rose Bowl. You'll see."

Looking at Bob in the hospital bed, his injured shoulder in traction, it sounded like an idle boast. Yet, the Huskies went on to win the Pacific Coast Conference title with Hivner substituting ably for Schloredt. And they got the chance to play in the Rose Bowl against Minnesota, the nation's No. 1 team.

Schloredt was released from the hospital in November and given a clean bill of health. But you could have knocked coach Owens over with a lateral when Bob showed up for practice. Even if he couldn't

In 1961 Rose Bowl game, Hivner started at quarterback. Here, he fakes a pass and carries ball for five yards.



play—and Owens didn't figure on too much help from his star quarterback—his mere presence on the bench would give the boys a mental lift.

Time passed quickly for Schloredt. He worked diligently to return to shape, to lose the softness and rustiness that resulted from months of inactivity. Soon the day of the Big Game arrived and Bob woke early and dressed hurriedly. He was as excited as a high school boy about to play his first varsity football game.

On the bus ride to the Bowl in Pasadena, Coach Owens sat in his customary seat up front, next to coach Tipps and made last minute checks of the Minnesota offensive and defensive formations.

Schloredt, as usual, went to the back of the bus and took a seat near a window. Bob has a reputation of being a practical joker—his favorite stunt is to smear vaseline on door knobs. But this was not a day for practical jokes. This was a day to think about what went on last night at the coaches' meeting. He thought about Minnesota's defense and

"don't forget to run your plays away from Tom Brown, their all-America guard . . . or try to suck him in on a trap and run the option around him."

Some of the boys chattered excitedly and nervously. They talked about the senior prom . . . and "did you see the Los Angeles Rams' game Sunday?" . . . and "did you see that picture, *Butterfield 8*? Boy, that Elizabeth Taylor is something." But mostly, they talked about football.

The bus pulled up at the players' entrance, the doors opened and the Washington Huskies filed silently and quickly into the Rose Bowl.

They entered the dressing room and began slowly to undress. "Watch their left half on defense, he's plenty fast," Bob thought to himself as he slipped into his pads. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the deep, soft voice.

"How's the shoulder, Bob?"

Schloredt looked up, "I'm ready, coach."

A soft smile spread across coach Owens' face and he patted Schloredt on the rump and moved on.

Several minutes later, the Huskies appeared on the field. The huge stadium was almost three-quarters filled and the presence of the University of Washington football team brought forth a mixture of boos and cheers.

Someone spotted Schloredt's No. 15 and the Washington sector erupted in thunderous applause.

"Atta boy, Bob... Yea, Schloredt!... Go get'em, Bob!"

Practice over, the Huskies returned to their dressing room for last minute instructions. "Hivner," coach Owens said, "you start at quarterback." The words cut into Schloredt. He wanted to cry out, "I'm all right, coach. Use me. I'm ready." But he restrained himself.

Then, it was game time.

"Washington wins the toss," the loud speaker blared, "and elects to receive. Minnesota will defend the South goal... Starting at quarterback for Washington, Number 16, Bob Hivner."



With Washington ahead, 3-0, Schloredt made surprise second-quarter appearance. It wasn't long before he passed to Brent Wooten for a stunning TD. Below, Bob shows off his second MVP trophy to mate Don McKeta.



A strange feeling overcame Schloredt when he saw Minnesota kick off and watched his teammates get the ball back to their own 33-yard line.

Washington made one first down, then the attack bogged down and Hivner punted. Minnesota failed to move the ball and returned it on a punt.

Hivner got the Huskies moving, but the Gophers held and Washington tried a field goal. It was good. The Huskies led, 3-0.

Schloredt was getting restless. He had forgotten how it was to sit on the bench. He ached to get in the game. Bob watched Minnesota take the kickoff and try several running plays that failed to gain. Then he saw them pass and sprang to his feet when it was intercepted. He was turning around, heading for the bench when the voice bellowed out: "Schloredt... Go in there for Hivner."

Bob leaped for his helmet and sprinted onto the field amid wild cheers of joy from the stands. When he reached the huddle, Schloredt couldn't hold back the grin. "OK, gang," he said, "let's get a touchdown... 201 on 3."

He pitched out to McKeta, who hit left tackle for no gain. On the next play, Schloredt carried himself and hit left tackle, where he was smacked hard after a one-yard gain.

The crowd hushed when Schloredt hit the turf, then burst into applause as No. 15 picked himself up and returned to the huddle. He tried a pass that failed, then punted dead on the Minnesota 8.

The Gophers couldn't move the ball again, and punted. Washington took over on its 38 and McKeta gained two. Schloredt hit Jackson with a pass for 12 more and Jackson went up the middle for 19, and the Huskies were on the move.

Mitchell picked up six, Jackson gained three and Schloredt made the first down himself on a keeper to the Minnesota 18. Mitchell gained 11, but the Minnesota defense tightened.

It was fourth and goal on the three, when Schloredt passed up the field goal and gambled on his right arm. Back he faded... he spotted Wooten in the end zone... cocked his arm... fired... TOUCHDOWN.

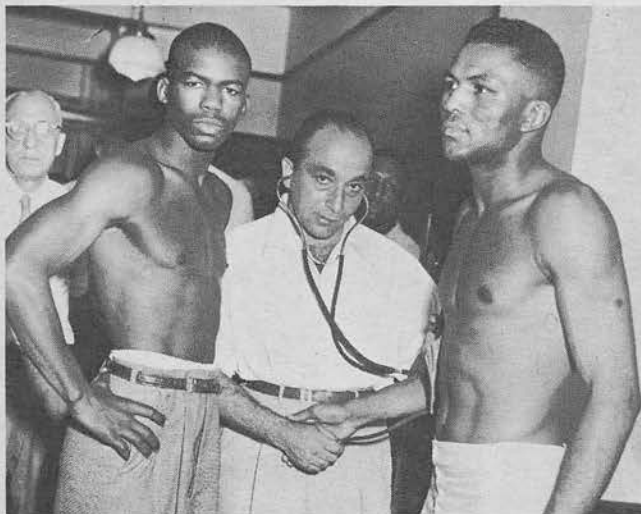
The crowd went wild with excitement... 97,314 couldn't believe what they were seeing. No football player ever came back from a three-month layoff to play like this. It was impossible.

Schloredt wasn't finished. The next time he handled the ball he marched the Huskies down the field again. And just to cap a great performance, sneaked the final yard for another Washington touchdown. There was no controlling the crowd, now.

The half ended, Washington 17, Minnesota 0. It was just a matter of time. The Gophers were a beaten team and it was Schloredt who did it.

Minnesota managed to score a meaningless touchdown in the second half. When the gun sounded, ending the game, it was Washington 17, Minnesota 7.

Fans rushed onto the field and they swept Schloredt off his feet and onto their shoulders. Once again, they carried Bob off the field. He was named MVP of the Rose Bowl for the second straight year, and no player ever had to battle more handicaps to achieve the honor than Bob Schloredt, the one-eyed wonder.



Ike Williams--

THE NIGHT HE MADE A "PAYMENT IN FULL"

**It took the lightweight titleholder a long time to catch
up with Bobcat Bob Montgomery, the man who had tortured
him unmercifully before scoring a KO in their first fight.**

IN THE cathedral-ceilinged dressing room accommodations under the east wing of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, which held a squad in football season a lone Negro boxer paced. There was a hushed air—even handlers present were silent—and his grimness was matched only by his apparent impatience.

An occasional surge of voices came from out in the stadium, where there were 30,000 spectators. But preliminaries at a championship fight rarely stir spectators.

Up and down walked the lithe figure.

"Take it easy, Ike," counselled Jimmy Wilson his pallid-faced, sharp-featured trainer. "It's too soon to work up a sweat, half an hour to go."

Ike Williams eyes, small, deep-set, darted unwilling acknowledgement of more delay. He was tired of waiting. Hadn't he waited over three years? How long did it have to be before he could get in with the fighter he hated so violently? The enemy was Bob Montgomery, the one they called Bobcat Bob, a crowding, clambering inside-puncher who had seared Ike's memory unforgettably. It was now almost zero hour on the night of Aug. 2, 1947, with Williams of Trenton, N. J. against Montgomery, of Philadelphia. Williams, National Boxing Associa-

tion lightweight champion, was giving Montgomery a shot at his title. At the same time Ike was getting a whack at Montgomery's New York-Pennsylvania crowd. It was a title-clearer, but to Williams, all this was less important than renewed opportunity against Montgomery, the man who had knocked him senseless in the 12th round on the night of Jan. 25, 1944, in Philadelphia's Convention Hall.

Ike's hunger for revenge had never moderated for a good reason: He was convinced that Montgomery had been intentionally cruel; had not merely fought to win, but in addition tried to humiliate him, prolonging the punishment needlessly before the knockout.

Williams' imagination was not such as to create parallels between his own career and that of others. He could only think of the burning hurt to himself. Many, however, recognized a vivid similarity to Joe Louis' experience with Max Schmeling. In his first fight with the German, Louis had been roughly handled, struck hard after the bell, ending the fifth round, and finally destroyed ruthlessly in the 12th round.

As it was to happen with Williams, Joe's outlook had narrowed to a single goal of vengeance. All manner of honors, including the world's heavyweight



At weigh-in (opp. page) Williams, left, glowered with a hate that he finally satisfied in 6th round of bout (top).

championship, left Louis unmoved. "I won't be the champ 'till I lick S'mellin'," he'd said, time and again. And, within two years, he achieved satisfaction.

But, for Ike, the delay had been longer and, worse yet, he inwardly couldn't be sure. He was aware of his own progress; yet, he also knew Montgomery still possessed plenty for a veteran.

Sure, the Bobcat had lost fights. But, when the chips were down, Montgomery had stormed back, winning fights—and re-winning prestige. Wesley Mouzon, a bright hope at the time, had stopped Bob in two rounds over-the-weight. Three months later, for the championship, Montgomery battered him down and out in the eighth round. It was the finish of Mouzon's career. The Bobcat had seriously aggravated his foe's old eye injury.

In training camp for the Montgomery return, Williams had indirectly dwelt on his own fears. "I don't care if a fellow fights all out," he'd remarked. "I've never hesitated to pour it on when I've got somebody hurt. What I don't like are the sneaky things . . ."

In the trailing-off of his voice he had suggested what Jimmy Wilson was saying flatly: "They ought to put a glove on Montgomery's head, he does more

with that than his fists. He's the billy-goat champion. What's more, he doesn't care whether he hits low. He's cute about it, he'll butt you into a corner and, when it's tough for the referee to see, Montgomery will let you have it—any place."

From his own camp, the Bobcat answered Wilson's blast: "Losers are complainers," he said. "I always could wear down the skinny-waisted guys with good body punching. They can't take it, that's all. I'll beat Williams every time, especially in 15."

The charge of frailty on Ike's part was a cross he long had borne. Nature gave him sinewy shoulders and steel-strong arms but a narrow midsection. "I'm on the stringy side," he once said in a radio interview.

Still, there had to be deceptive strength within him. He was born in Brunswick, Georgia. As a boy, Williams had been brought to Trenton, where, during his teens, he performed the ruggedest work possible. He was 17 and weighing 110 pounds when he joined a railroad section gang. Co-workers recalled that he put down more rail ties faster than mature men 60 and 70 pounds heavier.

During the inevitable rough-and-tumble scrapping after hours he further proved his cat-like fierceness. "There was one big stiff who kept pushing ahead



During first match, Ike felt Bobcat could have KO'd him earlier but persisted in dragging out hostilities.

of me on the chow line," Ike related. "I got hot. I said, 'I'll fight you for the place tonight.' Alongside the tracks they cleared a ring for us. No ropes, just guys standing around. Right at the start, I jumped him. I had him bleeding and backing in a couple of minutes." His thin lips started in a small smile. "You know," he said, "I had no trouble on the chow line after that."

Down home in Georgia Ike had been christened Westley Williams. Obviously his first name had been taken from the family name of the gentle John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church. The added "t" should be ascribed to somebody's spelling difficulties.

In any event he suffered with his first name. "It don't fit me no how," he'd observed in later years. And, when he began fighting in 1940, he billed himself as Ike Williams. He had adopted his father's first name.

It didn't take long for the name of Ike Williams to become a respected fighting name. The young pugilist had been a six-round favorite in small clubs of northern New Jersey when a Trenton fight figure, Al Cohen told George Sheppard, New York manager: "Why don't you try and get him? He's the best thing around and he's going to get better."

At the time, early 1942 Sheppard managed a durable featherweight with the colorful handle of

Whistling Willie Roache. "I'll get Willie in with this kid," he said to Cohen. "If this kid can go eight with him, he's got something." They boxed at Perth Amboy, N. J., and though toughie Roache absorbed everything Williams threw at him, Sheppard was sold on the newcomer.

"I talked to him after the fight and told him I thought I could move him up," Sheppard remembered. "He thanked me and said he was sorry, he'd already gone with somebody."

The "somebody" proved to be Connie McCarthy, a New York oldtimer and former sidekick of Eddie Mead then managing Henry Armstrong.

McCarthy hadn't been Ike's first manager, it developed. For a while Williams had been under Joe Woodman, famed one-time manager of the original Joe Walcott. But the McCarthy-Williams union became important because its outcroppings played a part in the drama of Ike's career.

Toward the end of 1943, Connie was sending the fighter to the post virtually every week. It was a formidable schedule. The rapidly-igniting ex-railroad-siding battler was able to survive on his punch; 10 rounders wound up going no more than two or three rounds, as he knocked 'em cold.

One of Ike's starts was to be against Johnny Hutchinson, an old trouper and a buddy of Bob Montgomery's, in a Philadelphia club. To put a little steam behind the match, Nat Frank, the club publicist decided he'd get newcomer Williams to "declare war" on Montgomery via Hutchinson.

He arranged a radio appearance. Before the show he wrote out some lines on a piece of paper and handed them to Ike, urging: "Read this when you get on the air."

As Williams was to explain afterwards, he hadn't even looked at the line beforehand. "I just read it on the radio—I'll knock him (Hutchinson) into Montgomery's lap.' Believe me, I wouldn't have said it on my own."

The fact remains, Ike did just about what he'd said he would. He stiffened Hutchinson in the third round. Thus the fat was in the fire between Williams and Montgomery.

Meanwhile relations between Connie and Ike had deteriorated sharply. Gruff and single-minded, the manager had the old-fashioned idea that a fighter's only job was to take orders. Consulting Ike on any issue, to McCarthy, would be an admission he wasn't a competent manager. In addition, he never hesitated to dress down his fighter in public.

Williams resented his manager. Soon he wasn't talking to him except when it was unavoidable.

McCarthy, in turn, smoldered. Around Stillman's Gym or down on W. 49th St., the fight managers' curb market in good weather, he popped off: "He'll do his part and I'll do mine," he growled, "but I'm the boss."

At the time Montgomery had lost the New York-recognized lightweight championship to Beau Jack a few weeks earlier. The Bobcat and his managers were looking for a fight to maintain his position while waiting for another chance at Beau Jack. Bob was 24 years old, at his physical peak. An established powerhouse, 15 rounds were no tougher for him than 10.

Enter McCarthy and his rule-the-roost attitude. "Sure, we'll fight Montgomery," he said. "It will draw in Philly; 15 rounds is all right with me; it will help the match."

It was pointed out that 10 rounds would be the logical distance for Williams, particularly since no title was at stake.

"I said 15—and it's going to be 15," Connie insisted.

As Williams said, looking back years later: "I knew the score. I guess I could have pulled out. But I had pride. I wasn't going to let anybody think I was afraid of Montgomery."

So in he went. For a few rounds Williams' rapier left hand and stinging right cross blunted Montgomery's charging attack. Then Bob, the rumbling tank, began to chew him up at close range. Ike's speed had been diminished by the bruising contact. His stamina was slipping away.

Yet, had the fight been limited to 10 rounds, there's no doubt Williams would have finished. But it wasn't and, in the 11th, though the initiative was all in Montgomery's hands, the latter did a strange thing. He hurt Ike, let up, then pressured him anew. To spectators, it appeared Bob was taunting Ike. In the 12th all Williams had left was instinct. Finally that gave way. Collapsing, Ike pitched to the floor. The referee counted to 10 and the fallen fighter hadn't moved. The count could have been 100. Williams was out, cold.

Ike's seconds brought him back to his corner. He was on his stool a full five minutes before the doctor decided it was safe to let him go to the dressing room. If a fighter were battered into such a knockout today, the physician's report would have urged an automatic suspension of three or four months for rest and recuperation.

Exactly one month later Williams fought again. Two weeks after that he had another fight. Within 22 days shortly thereafter he boxed four times! But, no matter how McCarthy dished out the work, Williams stood up under it. It was a tribute to the innate ability and persevering outlook of this workhorse that he rolled on to continued success.

In the spring of 1945, Juan Zurita of Mexico was sitting atop the NBA lightweight throne. He had won his championship in Los Angeles by beating Sammy Angott. Now he wanted to defend in Mexico City, and Connie got the offer for Ike.

American boxing experts generally opined that this was no favor. The altitude of the Mexican capital shortened the wind of those unaccustomed to it. Also weighing against an invader's chances was the virtual impossibility of winning a decision against a local.

It didn't bother McCarthy. "We're going," he announced. Williams shrugged his shoulders. But he made the trip. Nobody ever did find out if the above-mentioned factors worked against Ike. In a blazing blitz he stiffened Zurita in the second round and became the NBA champion.

After a brief holiday for the new titleholder, Connie had him hopping some more.

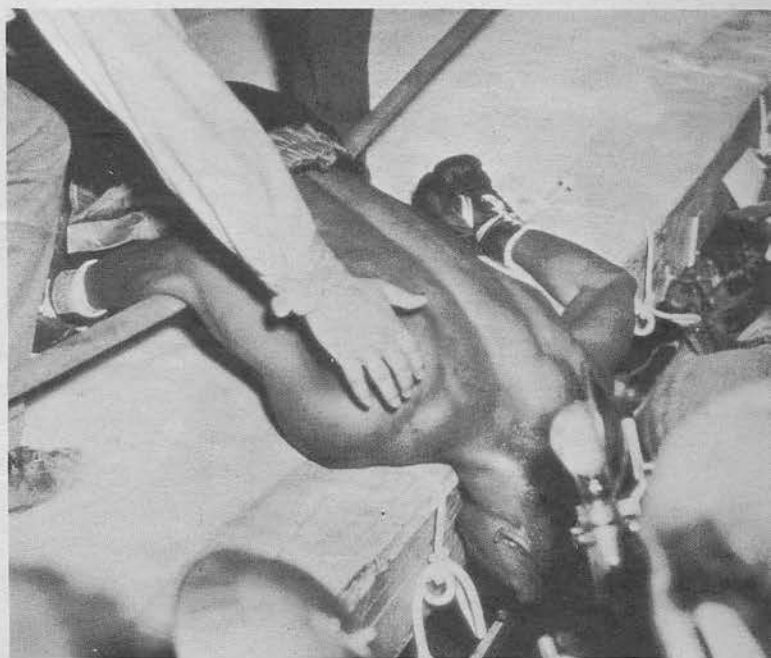
In the summer of 1946, a juicy money offer came from England. This was to be a title match against Ronnie James, and the venue, as the British say,

was to be Cardiff Wales—Ronnie's home town.

Once more there were possible problems, of which a wary manager would take cognizance. Should Williams lose, would the return-bout contract be worth the paper it was written on? What assurance did Ike have of receiving an equitable decision from only one official over there (the referee)?

Once more McCarthy, the lion-hearted, brushed aside objections. It was a solemn sort of junket overseas, neither asking each other even the time of day. In the ring, however, Williams turned in one of the finest performances of his career. He converted the referee into a counting clerk. He smashed James to the floor seven times, scoring a knockout in the ninth round.

A professional success, this jaunt had produced the final break. Soon the separation of Williams and McCarthy was effected. Ike's new managers were a



Finally in the 12th round, Williams wound up on the canvas, a pathetic sight (above). During the long comeback trail, Ike piled up an unbroken string of wins, including a smashing victory over Beau Jack (bottom).



dissimilar pair from Philadelphia, Frank (Blinkie) Palermo, most charitably described as a knockabout guy, and Frank Palumbo, scion of a respected restaurant-owning family.

They paid Williams well for his services, reputedly \$30,000 and a Cadillac. Because of the long estrangement between them, Ike did not give Connie any part of the money. But the angels bled a little more when the then powerful Managers Guild insisted he, too, be remunerated. There was a reported \$8,000 settlement.

Withal the new associates formed a happy team, or so it seemed.

Blinkie made himself a playmate to Ike. Once he took Ike to a golf driving range. Ike bet Blinkie that he couldn't drive 200 yards. "OK," Blinkie said. Then, on the sly, he had an attendant move in the marker. Equally secretive. Ike got the same attendant to move the marker back to 250 yards. The

mutual tomfoolery sent both into gales of laughter.

Their card-game sessions were equally prankish. Once, in a poker game, Palermo bet \$10. Williams said: "I'll raise." Palermo said: "You got the goods?" Ike said: "I think I have." Palermo said: "I fold." Williams really had nothing. He added mischievously: "I just thought I had something" ... more laughs.

Most important to Ike, Blinkie wasn't making matches without consulting him. And Williams had told Palermo early in their association that the one fight he wanted above all else was a second shot at Montgomery.

"I've had him in my craw," he said. "Now I'm older. I'm stronger. It's my turn for some revenge."

Fortune had played into Williams' hands. Montgomery had regained the New York-Pennsylvania laurels, so their meeting could be a title-settler as well as a grudge-match.

In Mexico City, Ike knocked out Juan Zurita for the NBA title. He succeeded in keeping crown in Garden rematch.



Back in that Municipal Stadium dressing room, as Ike waited, his old haunting fears had returned. His tenseness was telling. But with the last half hour fading away, resolution firmed up. "I'm not the kid Ike Williams, I'm the man," he told himself. And he meant it.

The call came. "Ten minutes Get down to the ring, champ!"

Trainer Jimmy Wilson helped Williams on with his robe. With police clearing the way, they filed through the crowd down to the ring.

Montgomery already was in there. Williams shot a glance at him as he climbed through the ropes. Ike mused, "he still looks bigger," but he knew, as did all the others, that they had weighed exactly the same that noon, 133¾ pounds.

Their six-ounce gloves were put on and soon thereafter, Referee Charley Daggert called them together for final instructions.

Williams wouldn't look at Montgomery now as the latter tried to stare him down.

The bell clanged, and Bobcat Bob moved forward. Clearly he intended to play the one-man wrecking crew at close quarters again. But Ike wasn't going to hold still for it. Immediately he stabbed a left into his foe's face and moved. Then another left and another move. Montgomery found himself floundering in empty air.

This was Round One's frustrating pattern for the crowd.

In the corner his handlers sought to reassure him: "He was fast at the beginning last time. Just keep after him."

Round Two saw Montgomery momentarily pinning Williams against the ropes. An upsurge with his weaving head cut Ike over the left eye.

"You're letting him bull you," Wilson snapped at Williams during the next intermission.

Ike pawed at the cut with his glove and murmured: "He'll be paying for it."

And in the third, as Williams put a jolting right behind his probing left, Bob winced. The payoff had begun. In the fourth Ike sizzled home no less than five painful blasts to the head. Montgomery was backtracking.

"Step in, step in," Williams' corner advised after the fourth. "The next round could be the last."

"What's the hurry?" Ike said sardonically, "I'm entitled to a little fun."

With the mind-picture of their last fight coursing through his mind, he made the fifth a round of drawn-out retribution. He drove a left hook to the body, he stepped back as Bob gasped. He drilled a right to the chin, he fell in to hold up Bob as the latter's eyes crossed. He directed five straight jabs to Bob's split lower lip, he pulled away, the better to study his surgery.

When the bell sounded, Williams reluctantly turned away. He would have preferred to go on, interminably, beating away at Montgomery until Bob wilted.

Starting the sixth, Ike resumed his slow execution. He couldn't get enough of this delicious torture of the man who brutalized him in the long ago.

Deliberately, coolly, Williams fired a jab, a right cross—and suddenly, Montgomery was lurching



Having left Montgomery a crumpled heap on the canvas, Williams flashes victory smile. With him are his co-managers, Frank Palermo (left) and Frank Palumbo.

backwards. In Williams' mind there was an instant thought, "Oh, no, no, I've knocked him too soon." Montgomery hit the floor, started up, went down again to take a longer count.

"...four, five..."

"Get up, get up, you — — —," Ike was cursing.

"...six, seven..."

"Don't rob me, you — — —, get up," Ike snarled.

"...eight, nine..."

And here all his reasoned anger departed. All his blueprint of slow-paced vengeance vanished as simple, white-hot rage flamed.

Before 10 Montgomery was on his feet, but Williams, only animal now, instantly clawed at him savagely—and non-stop. An avalanche of punches, left, right, poured on Bob where he stood. Sagging into the ropes, Montgomery desperately tried to protect himself with his gloves.

Williams did not let up with his punching inferno. Head, ribs, body, nose, jaw, they were being smashed so often and so crushingly that Montgomery slid helplessly to the floor.

Referee Daggert wrestled the insensate attacker away from his victim and Montgomery, his body beyond self-control, weaved towards the ropes. For a second it appeared he would fall through to the ring apron. Then he tumbled in the other direction, onto his back.

There, as Daggert proceeded with the picked-up count, the punishment-numbed Bob sought vainly to rise. He reached for a ring rope that wasn't there, he tried to tuck his knees under him, knees which wouldn't respond. He wasn't going to make it—and he didn't.

Now all eyes turned to Williams, bounding around the ring in a giddy dance of joy. It was deserved rapture, the end of his long, long trail. He had paid off Bob Montgomery in full.



HOW TOM HARMON PROVED HE WASN'T WASHED UP

World War II had taken an irreparable toll on his legs before he managed to play his first professional game.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN TOUGH for Thomas Dudley Harmon to start most of his pro games on the bench. He had been twice an All-American for the University of Michigan, a fabulous triple threat who broke Red Grange's scoring record. But here on November 23rd, 1947, he was just another substitute for the Los Angeles Rams against the Detroit Lions. One of the greatest breakaway runners the college game has ever known, Harmon, as a pro, was playing more defense than offense. He ran with the second backfield and was also used to chase back punts and kickoffs.

It was a far cry from the glamor he had attained at Michigan. But there was an explanation for Tom's comedown as a pro. He wasn't one of those college glory boys who had his chance in the pros and sputtered. He never did get a chance to show what the Harmon of Michigan might have been among the play-for-pay boys. Tom had been a wartime pilot before he ever played his first pro game, and the war did something to him. It gave him battle-scarred legs.

The first of two times Tom was knocked out of the sky, he went down over South America and nearly died in a swamp, but the second time was much

worse. He had already shot down two Jap planes when another Zero closed in on him, opening fire on his underside.

"Before I could turn over, I heard a ring on the back of my armor plate," Harmon later said. "The next thing I knew, a shell busted between my legs and blew my pants off at the knees and threw my legs off the rudder pedals. The shell had hit the gas primer between my legs, and the whole cockpit was ablaze. I tried stamping it out with my hands but without success. The ship at this time was headed straight toward the earth in a 90-degree power dive. Realizing it was a hopeless case, I unbuckled my safety belt and jettisoned the canopy. The terrific rate of speed of the plane in a dive tore me out of the cockpit.

"Not knowing for sure how much altitude I had lost in the dive, I pulled the ripcord immediately and was almost sorry for it. The chute must have opened at about 4,500 feet and there was not a breath of air in the sky that day. I came straight down, and the last ship of ours I saw was Schultz (another U.S. pilot) going toward home with two Zeros on his tail. At this time I noticed also that two Zeros were circling me and I immediately played

dead. This was the only thing that I thought would prevent them from shooting me, because the Japs were notorious for gunning men in parachutes. There were guns rattling all around, but I didn't think they were shooting at me—not until I got out of my parachute and saw the bullet holes did I know they had shot at me and missed.

"I knew that I was over a lake, and if I didn't pull my shroud lines I was in for a good ducking, but when I came right down to it, I thought that a good ducking was a lot easier to take than a bullet. Not being able to unfasten my straps on the chute because I was playing dead, I took a deep breath before going into the water. I went under water and undid the straps. I came up for a breath under my chute because I didn't want the Zeros to see me in the water. The two Zeros made six passes over me. Finally they went home. I knew that my troubles were not over, but I was in the lake alive and waiting for what was to come.

"My trip back to my base took 32 days. I can truth-

fully say that I never spent 32 days of pain like that in my life and often wondered if it was worth it. There is much of it that I am not permitted to tell, but my whole face and ears were badly burned, my legs were burned and so were my wrists. Of the exposed parts of my body only my hands escaped."

After this harrowing mission, for which Tom was awarded the Silver Star, he came home to his beautiful actress wife, Elyse Knox. At 26 years of age, his hair prematurely streaked gray from his ordeal, Harmon became a pro football rookie in 1946. The scar tissue on his once powerful legs couldn't completely hold him back. When given proper intervals of rest, he still was an effective runner with his dancer's nimbleness.

Tom carried the ball less than 50 times in 11 games but he averaged five yards a carry. He starred in a game against the Green Bay Packers, running back an intercepted pass over 80 yards for a touchdown. It was the season's longest return of a pilfered pass, and later in that game he made a 26-yard run

In game with Eagles Tom gave foretaste of what he was to do against Lions when he ran back punt 50 yards.



to set up the Rams' winning touchdown. There were flashes of old brilliance as he wound up the season with five touchdowns. The Rams finished second to the Chicago Bears in the Western Division but most fans wondered why Harmon submitted himself to the punishment after having been robbed of most of his skill.

Harmon had a reason or two. One was money, the other was the publicity to be earned from playing pro football. He was seeking to launch his career as a sports broadcaster, and for this he wanted his name to remain familiar to the public. As if they could have ever forgotten him! Michigan's No. 98 had already secured his greatness. Thorpe, Grange and Nagurski came before him, but Harmon was the first and only college player to lead the nation in scoring two consecutive seasons.

He had started his football career by being America's most sought after schoolboy when he was graduated by Horace Mann High School in Gary, Indiana in 1937. Fifty-four colleges offered him football scholarships, but Tom chose Michigan where his high school coach, Doug Kerr, had gone years before him. He was also urged to attend there by his three older brothers, all good athletes. The older Harmon brothers knew that the Big Ten was the toughest football conference in the country, and that's why they wanted the youngest in the family to play in it. They wanted Tom to excel where the going was the toughest.

It had always been this way in the Harmon household. Tom was the baby but they always let him fight his own scraps. Tom still recalls a licking he took with his brothers looking on.

"The streets of Gary were named after Presidents," Tom reminisced. "I lived on Pierce, and a

Harmon received severe leg wounds in war. He keeps more seriously injured limb covered for photograph.



boy named Dave Jones, now one of my best friends, lived on Buchanan. One day he made a crack I didn't like and I teed off on him. I was just getting warmed up when Dave's brother declared himself in on the fray and tried to knock my head off. My own brothers watched the proceedings from the side line, but neither love nor money could have persuaded them to interfere. It was part of their code that a man should fight his own battles and as a result, while they watched, Dave's older brother did a neat job of pinning my ears back. I remember that battle. I was wearing a black shirt, and before the fight was over it was spotted with blood. Not Jones' blood, Harmon's blood."

But most of the time it was friendly sports competition with Tom using the castoff football equipment of his brothers. One brother, Doyle, had been captain of the Wisconsin team in 1926. There was indeed football incentive for Tom as he grew up, running spraddle-legged along concrete sidewalks. He thought it would develop elusiveness and it probably did.

At Michigan Tom moved in quickly as a freshman. Unfortunately, a little too quickly to please many. He was a cocky kid but not really to the point of unpleasantness. But for a while he had trouble getting along with his freshman teammates. He was a terrific player, they realized, but they resented the obvious indication that he also knew it was true. After the freshman team trimmed the varsity twice and Harmon drew all the praise, one yearling player wanted to know why Tom was getting the big-shot treatment.

"Ask him," another freshman said bitterly. "He'll tell you. He was the highest scoring high school player in the country last year. Don't you think we're lucky to be on the same squad with him?"

Still another freshman teammate was Forest Evashevski, a fabulous blocking back who became one of the finest football coaches in the country and is now the athletic director at the University of Iowa. He, too, at first thought Tom was strictly stuff-shirt, but Evvy was to become a good friend. Later he came to admire Harmon. His son is named Thomas Harmon Evashevski.

"Freshmen don't come any more self-assured than Tom was," Evvy once wrote. "But I found out that he had more on the ball than the rest of us were willing to concede. But he actually was as good as he said he was. It was hard for the other guys to swallow that, though, and they didn't take to him at all."

As their college career moved into its junior year, Evashevski was still finding out how good Harmon really was. "All during the 1939 season, our junior year," Evvy said, "Tom and I grew closer together. I was unable to find any basis for the accusations the other guys were making. It was true, of course, that he was catching the headlines, but that was nothing to blame on him. It was equally true that we were all riding to glory on his back. With Tom running the ball, an otherwise mediocre team became famous. I myself was given much undue credit for throwing blocks which made his touchdown runs possible."



At University of Michigan, the Harmon of old was almost unstoppable. He was rated best broken-field runner since Grange.



While playing against California, TD-bound Harmon eludes fan's tackle. Bottom, Tom's mother and father pose proudly with mementos of their son's career.



Meanwhile, Tom always did his best to patch up the trouble with teammates that to some degree his cockiness must have caused. He twisted and turned, trying to say hello to everybody he met in his walks around the campus. One of his great thrills came when his teammates came up to him on the day of his 21st birthday in 1940, the date of a Saturday game against California, and told him: "We want to celebrate your birthday, Tom. If you get hold of the opening kickoff, start running like hell because we're going to knock down every man on the field."

Tom ran back that opening kickoff 94 yards. He scored three more touchdowns and went on to have one of the most spectacular seasons college fans have ever witnessed. Once he even made an 86-yard run, dodging an entire team. Then he had to evade an irate fan who came out of the stands to seek a moment of glory by tackling him.

"That's a pretty funny story," Harmon laughs recalling it. "I was down to about the 20, I guess, when I saw this guy come out of the stands and start weaving out toward the end zone. At first I couldn't figure out what he was up to, but when he got closer it was pretty obvious. He took a shot at me at the three-yard line but I managed to avoid him. It was a good thing I did. It would have been pretty embarrassing to have slipped past 11 perfectly

conditioned football players and then be tackled by an alumnus."

After the game, the cops tried to figure out whether they should arrest him or not. Someone introduced Harmon's would-be tackler to Tom, and he talked the police into releasing the man. Harmon and the 12th man later became pretty close friends.

"His name is Bud Brennan and he's in the real-estate business," Tom says. "We've had a lot of laughs out of the day he tried to tackle me. But I'm still glad he missed me."

That year, 1940, was the last season Tom Harmon was a really great player. Many people couldn't understand why he decided to come back for a second season as a pro in 1947. They insisted that he could only hurt his already storied reputation, but Tom was adamant. "This is it," he admitted, "but I will play out this season."

In many ways it was a repetition of his previous year as a pro. Harmon was still a good player but he had to be used sparingly, and it seemed as if his last long, twisting touchdown run was behind him.

If Harmon wasn't going anywhere in 1947, neither were the Rams. They entered the game against Detroit with a record of three wins and five losses. The Lions had three wins to go with six losses. It was a battle for last place in the Western Division.

Les Horvath started for the Rams at left halfback, the position where Harmon got his infrequent starts. After the opening moments of jockeying, the Lions went into the lead on quarterback Leroy Zimmerman's 40 yard field goal. The game developed into a punting duel and this was part of the game in which Harmon got his chance.

The crowd gave the onetime hero a friendly greeting each time he trotted on the field. It was good publicity to have a Harmon on your team, most of them realized, even if he didn't play more than he sat.

They were totally unprepared for the runback Tom made of a punt in the waning moments of the first quarter. He gathered the ball in on his own 12 yard line. He started upfield and headed for the right sideline. They began to cheer as he passed his own 40. It started to quiet down as Detroit tacklers loomed all around him at midfield. Suddenly there was the sideheaving burst of the hip and Tom was cutting across the field's width at midfield. For those few hectic, fleeting seconds it was Harmon of Michigan all over again. His once powerful legs surged forward for him in a final effort, and he outran the defenders for the touchdown that put his team ahead.

It had been an 88 yard punt return. Nobody was to run one back farther in the N.F.L. all that season. Once again an audience gave a standing ovation to a Tom Harmon breakaway run. It would be enough to say that that was it—that Tom had proved he still had a touch of the greatness but he had more than a touch of it this late autumn afternoon. It rode with him, clung with him, stayed with him.

He scored another touchdown later in the game when he intercepted a pass and ran it back 26 yards. His team won, 28-17, and Tom Harmon had starred in a game for the final time.

GEORGE HALAS' GREATEST THRILLS



GAME HE USED HIS HEAD TO WIN P. 22

THE BIRTH OF THE BEARS P. 24

PACKING IN THE CROWDS P. 26

THE START OF A DYNASTY P. 28

MASSACRE ON THE POTOMAC P. 30

RETURN TO GLORY P. 32



George S. Halas is a man who lived the American dream to become a living legend of professional football. As player, coach and owner of the Chicago Bears he has, over a period of 40 years, played a major role in the development of pro football from obscure beginnings to its present status as one of the most exciting, respected games on the American sports scene.

Along the way he has made the Chicago Bears synonymous with first-class football in the same way that the New York Yankees are synonymous with first-class baseball. During that period—with occasional intervals when he turned over the coaching reigns to assistants—his teams have compiled a record of 255 victories, 106 losses and 22 ties against demanding competition.

A three-letter athlete in his playing days at the University of Illinois, he served with distinction in two world wars, helped to found the National Football League, guided pro football to its position and discovered and coached some of the most famous stars in the history of football. Only a partial list includes such stars as Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski, Ernie Nevers, Joe Stydahar, Jack Manders, Danny Fortmann, Ken Kavanaugh, Harlon Hill, Clyde (Bulldog) Turner, Sid Luckman and George McAfee.

Halas was born on Chicago's west side, February 2, 1895, of parents who came from Prague, Czechoslovakia. At Crane Tech he competed in baseball, football and basketball before entering Illinois as an engineering student in 1914. On graduation he had a tryout with the Yankees but a leg injury and a .091 batting average cut short his baseball career.

Over the years "Halas University" teams have been tough, dedicated, tireless and efficient. They won championships in 1921, 1932, 1933, 1940, 1941, 1943 and 1946, and they also captured two additional Western Division titles. Halas was instrumental in the creation of the annual draft, the system whereby weaker NFL teams get first crack at graduating college stars, he was among the first to recognize the possibilities of the forward pass and is correctly identified as the Father of the T-formation.

George Halas did more than dominate games or even seasons. He dominated eras.



In 1919 Rose Bowl game, Halas, playing for Great Lakes, stuns Mare Island Marines by grabbing pass from Driscoll.



GEORGE HALAS'

GREATEST THRILLS

He Used His Head to Win

To match the tougher Marines in the 1919 Rose Bowl contest, Halas and buddy Paddy Driscoll used the forward pass.

THE SLENDER, six-foot halfback took the snap from center, cut sharply toward the line of scrimmage and then literally hurled himself against the solid wall of the University of Illinois' first-string line.

"That fellow Halas," said Illini coach Bob Zuppke, turning to an assistant during a practice session in the fall of 1915. "He's gonna kill himself. We better make him an end."

Thus did destiny bring together one of the immortal college coaches of football history and the pupil who eventually would go on to found a new and even greater game. A master of football trickery, Zuppke passed on to the sometimes over-eager young collegian lessons that were never to be forgotten.

"There is only one thing more important than winning," Zuppke told his players. "And that is to leave the field with your opponent's respect, win or lose."

In young Halas, the philosopher-artist-coach, Zuppke, found a player of somewhat limited natural ability who gave 100 per cent on every play. Halas played first-string end for Illinois for three years, 1915, 1916 and 1917, during which period the Illini compiled a 13-5-4 record and outscored their opposition, 391 points to 123. Halas' spirited play earned him second-team All Western honors in his senior year, but it wasn't until two years later—in the 1919 Rose Bowl—that George played what he himself recalls as "perhaps the only really good game I ever played."

The setting was the massive stadium in Pasadena, Calif., and the occasion brought together the Great



Coach Bob Zuppke of Illinois (shown with Bears Sid Luckman, left, and George McAfee) inspired Halas to follow football career. At Illinois, George (below) played end for three seasons.

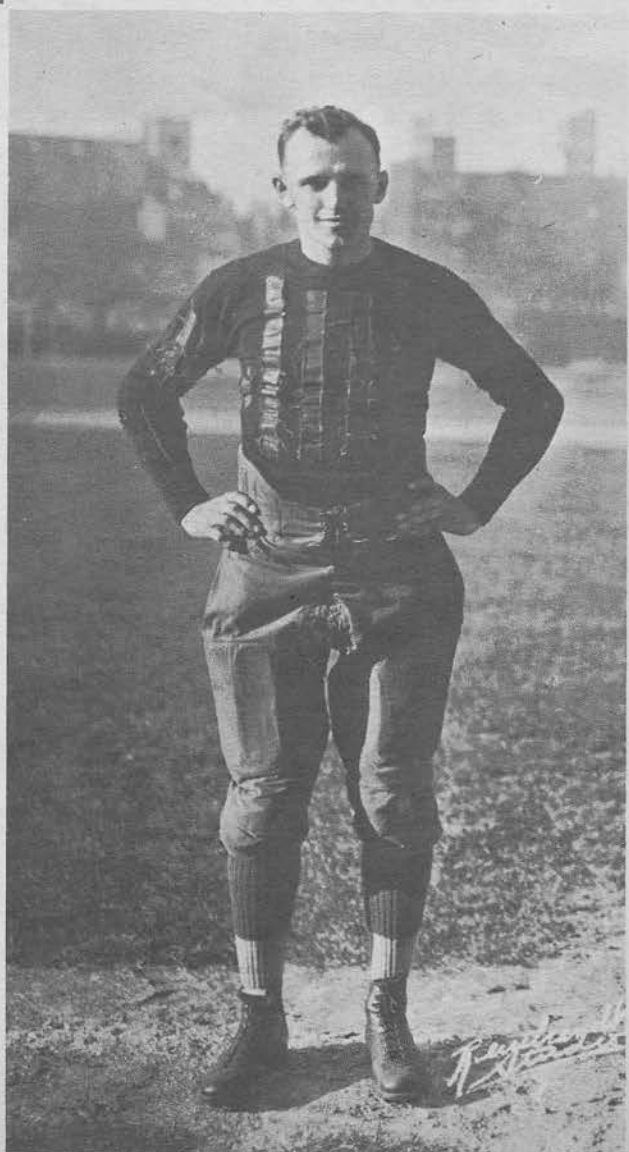
Lakes Naval Training Station team for which Ensign Halas played and the famed Mare Island Marines, who had defeated Camp Lewis, 19-7, in the 1918 Rose Bowl contest.

It was only six years earlier that Notre Dame's Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne pioneered the forward pass as a decisive weapon in football, but Halas and teammate Paddy Driscoll, a lifetime friend who also played a major role in the development of the Bears, clearly recognized its great potential. In fact, they were convinced that it was only way that they could beat the bigger and heavier Marines.

Great Lakes got an early break on a fumble and Driscoll kicked a field goal to put the Sailors ahead, 3-0, at the end of the first period. The Marines staged two abortive marches but surrendered the ball at midfield shortly before the end of the half. There wasn't much time left before the half-time intermission so Driscoll and Halas decided to pass. Halas cut outside the defending halfback, gathered in the pass and raced into the end zone to complete a 40-yard touchdown play.

Strategy in those days dictated cautious football to protect a lead, but Halas and Driscoll sprang still another surprise on the Marines in the third period. This time it was a 20-yard Driscoll-to-Halas pass for another touchdown and a 17-0 upset victory over the Marines.

It had been four years since George S. Halas had first reported to Zuppke as a starry-eyed sophomore, and it marked the first time he was to see his name in headlines.





GEORGE HALAS'

GREATEST THRILLS

Birth of the Bears

After the Decatur Staleys—the first team George coached—lost \$14,000, there was a trying decision to make.

IT IS THE FATE of a college coach that just about the time a boy starts to learn to play football, along comes his graduation."

No statement that Bob Zuppke ever made imprinted itself so deeply as that one did in the mind of George Halas. His own career offered proof of the analysis, inasmuch as Halas had never actually developed to his full playing ability until a year and a half after he left the University of Illinois.

And so as George left the Navy to take up a career with the A.E. Staley Corn Starch Company of Decatur, Ill., he was still casting about for a way to make football pay off after graduation from college. He obtained permission from Staley in the spring of 1920 to enter the Decatur Staleys in a newly-formed league which called itself the American Professional Football Association.

Doubling as football coach and baseball player for Staley, Halas quickly plunged into the task and rounded up a team that included Notre Dame's George Trafton, Illinois' Dutch Sternaman, Michigan State's Hugh Blalock and a peppery young quarterback named Charlie Dressen, who was to go on to make quite a name for himself in major league baseball.

George's first venture as a coach proved an artistic success, as the Staleys won 10 games, lost one and

tied one to win the league championship in 1921. The 26-year-old Halas was elated. He was beginning to feel that his organizational skills were ideally suited for the direction of a football team.

And then Staley dashed the eager young Halas' hopes. It seems that the Staleys had lost \$14,000 and that Staley himself considered this a fantastic amount to waste on a football team. He advised Halas that he would not support the team in 1922.

Halas clearly had lost a battle, but he wasn't yet



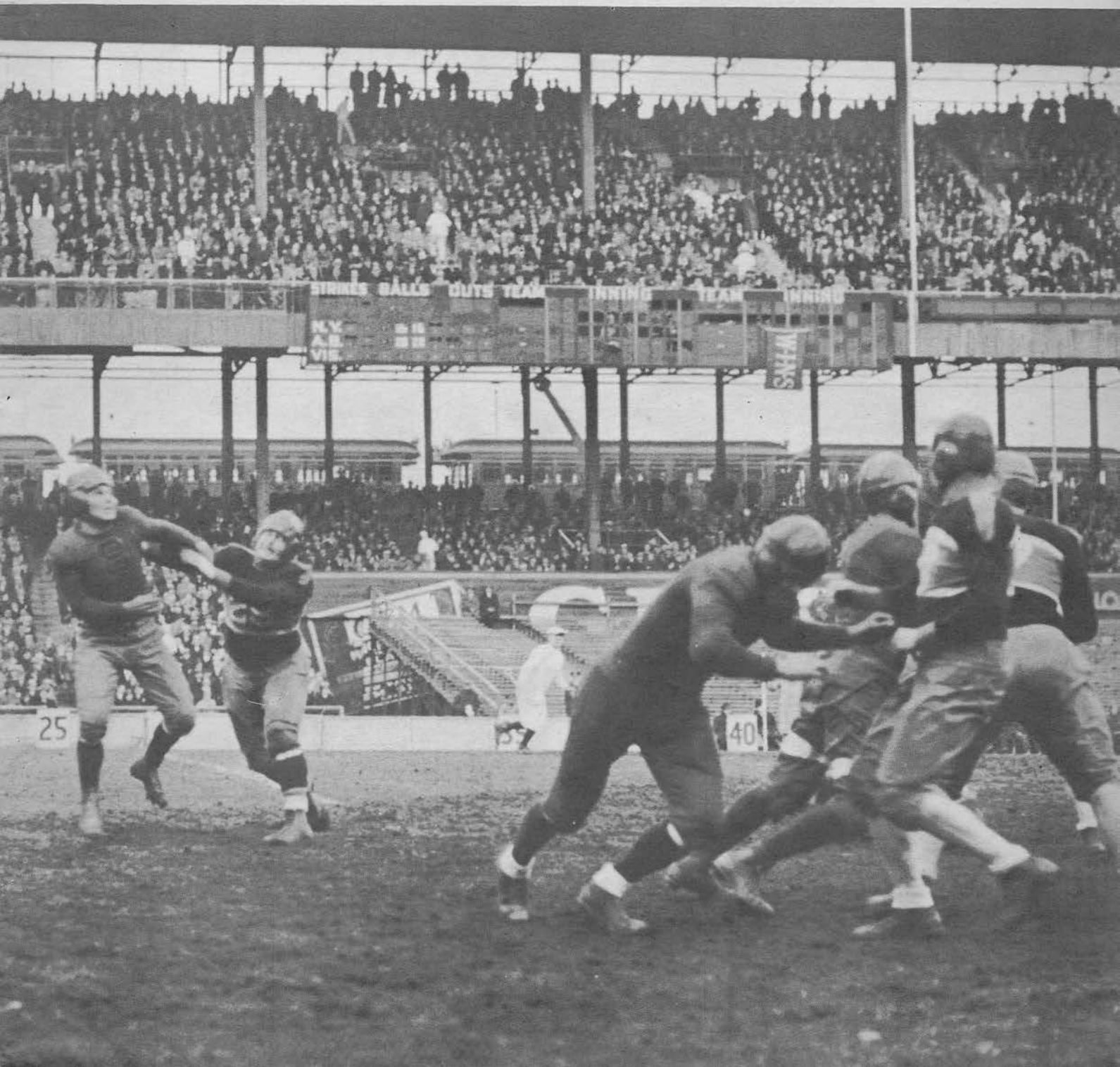
ready to give up the war. He argued and pleaded with his boss and finally won an agreement. Staley advanced \$5,000 for the 1922 season, retaining certain advertising privileges and Halas left the company to go on his own as owner-player-coach of the team.

George rolled up his sleeves and went to work. A team calling itself the Chicago Cards was playing at Comiskey Park, and so he went to Bill Veeck, Sr., and proposed that his football team be permitted to

play in the Chicago Cubs' Wrigley Field. At the same time a group led by Joe F. Carr of Columbus and J. E. Clair of Green Bay, Wis., scrapped the old American Football Association and reorganized the circuit as the National Football League.

With a quick stroke of genius, Halas transferred his Decatur Staleys to the new circuit and transferred their allegiance to Chicago.

The date was January 28, 1922—the birthday of the Chicago Bears.





Even while Grange galloped for Illini, he was under pressure not to turn pro after graduation.



GEORGE HALAS'

GREATEST THRILLS

Packing in the Crowds

The Bears' coach proved himself a promotional wizard when he signed up Red Grange, famous "Galloping Ghost."

IT WAS 1925, and George Halas and his Chicago Bears, along with the rest of the National Football League owners and teams, were still struggling to obtain public recognition. The battle was long and hard. Teams shuttled in and out of the embryo league and the college game reigned supreme in the minds of football fans.

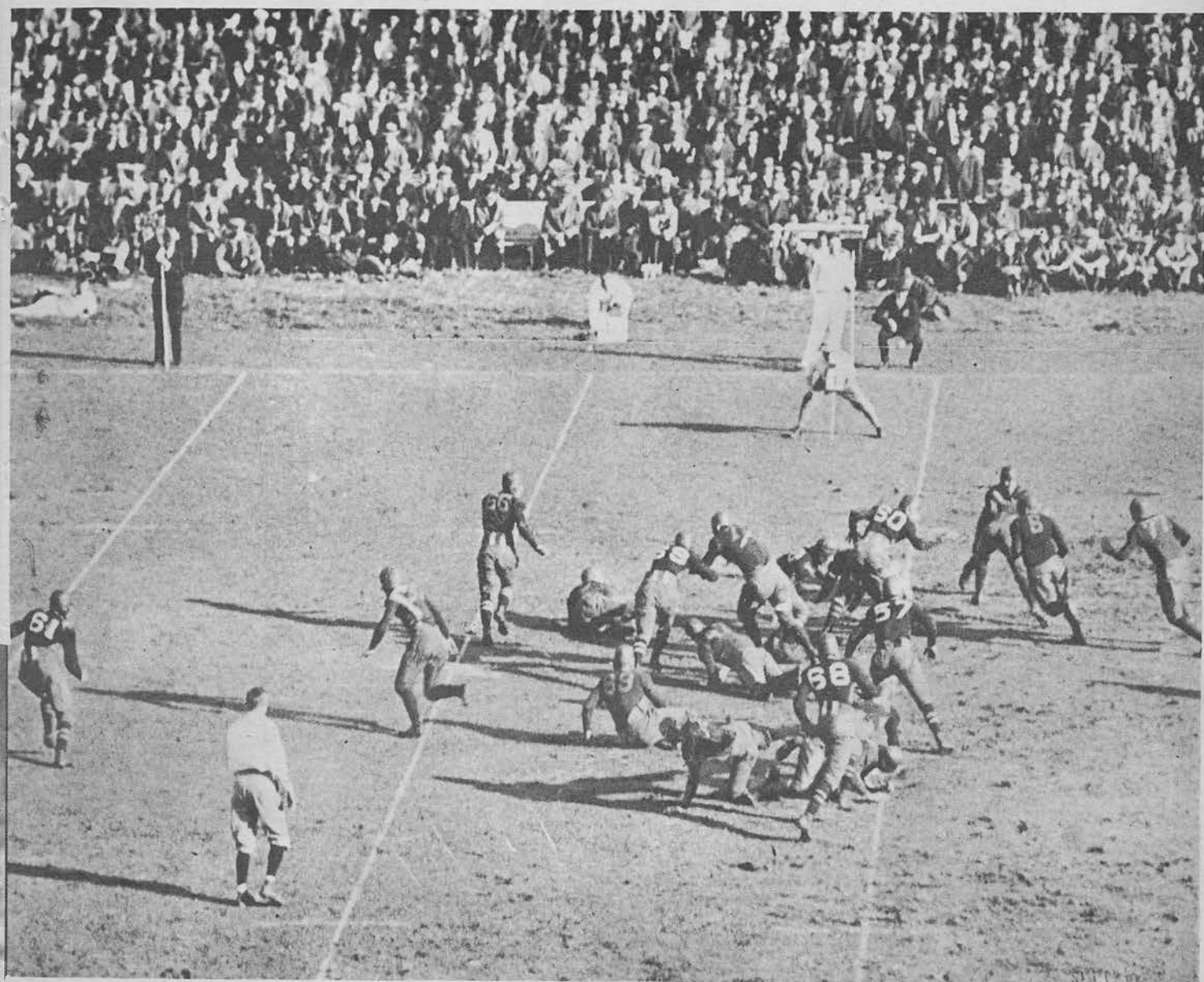
But the man and the hour were at hand. The man was Red Grange and the hour was the one in which he played out his fabulous career at the University of Illinois. Destiny was about to produce another of its remarkable coincidences. Bob Zuppke, the coach who had given pro football its prophet, was about to give the game its most illustrious name.

The country's sports fans were agog as Grange, the famed "Galloping Ghost," who had scored 31 touchdowns and gained 3,637 yards in three fantastic years at Illinois, neared graduation. What would he do? Strong pressures urged the famous redhead not to turn pro. But Halas, moving swiftly, worked out a deal with C. C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle, a promoter from Champaign, Ill. A terrific offer was made to Grange if he would sign a two-year contract and go on tour with the Bears.

The deal was closed in the Morrison Hotel in Chicago and was revealed to the nation's football fans only a few hours after Grange played his final college game against Ohio State.

And what a deal! Halas—gambling the future of his Bears and pro football against the animosity of college coaches who strongly opposed Grange's entry into pro football—agreed to give Grange and Pyle 50 percent of the Bears' gate receipts.

One of the most fantastic tours in the history of pro football began on Thanksgiving Day, 1925, when 36,000 fans paid their way into Wrigley Field to



Nevertheless, Red signed with Halas and began packing unheard-of crowds of 35,000 to watch him in zero weather.

see the fabulous redhead and the Bears play the Cardinals. The game was an artistic flop as the teams battled to a scoreless tie. Three days later Grange ran wild with 140 yards gained rushing as the Bears beat the Columbus Tigers, 14-13, before 28,000 fans who braved a severe snowstorm. No sooner had word of the tussle spread across the nation than Grange scored four touchdowns the very next day and the Bears romped to a victory before 8,000 fans in St. Louis. Three days later the Bears whipped the Frankford Yellowjackets before 35,000 in Philadelphia. The next day—Dec. 6, 1925—they squared off against the New York Giants at the Polo Grounds.

This was the day that the Bears and pro football went over the top.

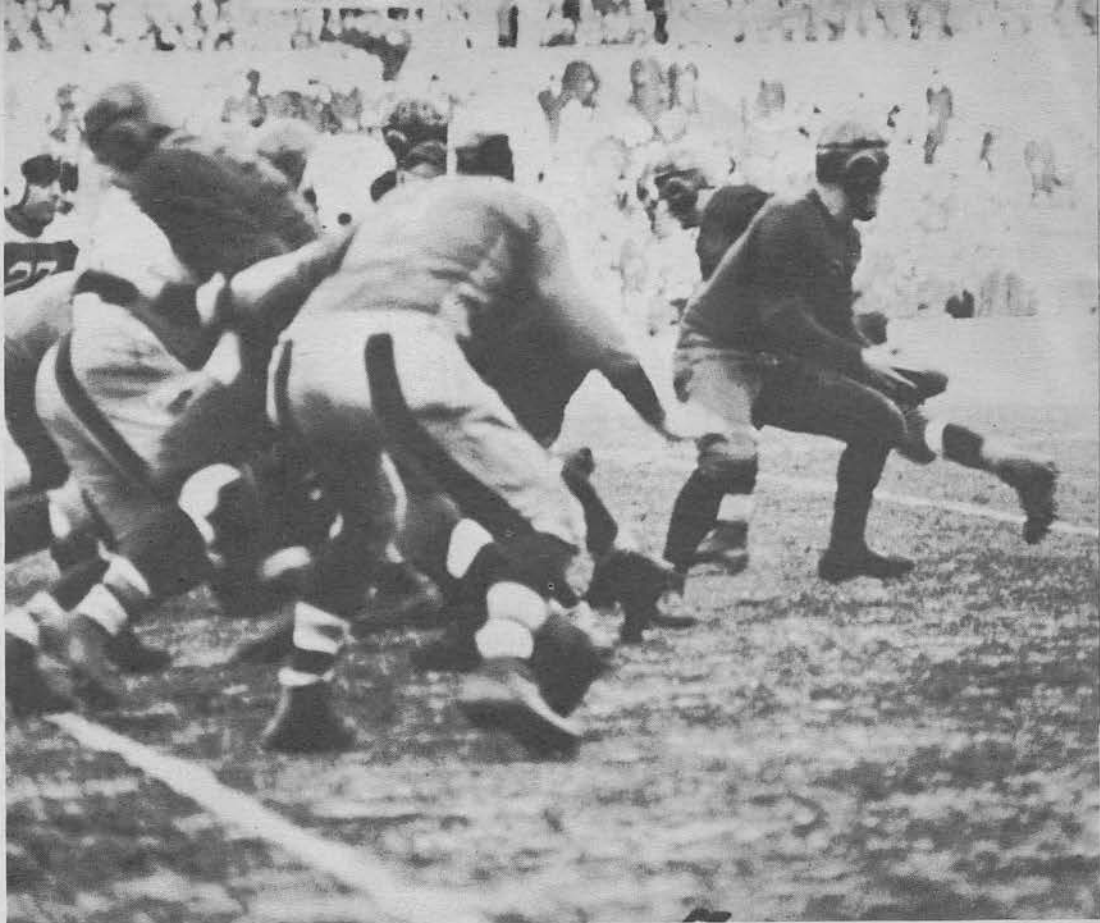
A bug-eyed crowd, variously estimated at 70,000 and 74,000, an unheard-of turnout for a pro game,

mobbed the Polo Grounds to see the famed Galloping Ghost. And, although weary from the tremendous pressure and the back-breaking schedule of the tour, Grange responded by running 25 yards for a touchdown, gaining 45 yards in 11 carries and leading the Bears to a 19-7 victory.

On and on went the tour—to Washington, Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit and finally back to Chicago's Wrigley Field where another 18,000 fans saw the injury-hobbled Grange and the weary Bears lose a 9-0 decision to the Giants.

It was a disappointing ending but Grange, Pyle and Halas were happy as they split a cool \$210,000 down the middle. Halas' great gamble had paid off. Grange and the Bears had not only won an audience for pro football but the \$105,000 which was Halas' share of the tour made the Bears financially solvent for the first time in their history.

In NFL's first playoff game, Bronko Nagurski (right) takes ball from QB Brumbaugh and rips into Giant line. Harry Newman (below), seemingly trapped, tosses successful pass to Giant mate Strong.





GEORGE HALAS'

GREATEST THRILLS

Start of a Dynasty

Nagurski tore the Giant line to shreds, but it was Bronko's fake that gave the Bears their first title.

THE DATE was Dec. 17, 1933 when the Chicago Bears and the New York Giants met at Wrigley Field, Chicago, in the game which produced the first NFL titlist that could accurately call itself world champion of football.

In 1933, for the first time the circuit had been broken up into two divisions with the ruler of the eastern section scheduled to meet the corresponding champion of the west for the crown. The Bears had won the Western title with 10 victories, two losses and a tie. The Giants had won the Eastern crown with 11 wins and three defeats. A capacity crowd was on hand to see the history meeting.

For George Halas, it was the culmination of a dream that had started more than a decade earlier. At long last pro football was established with the firmness enjoyed by baseball. Now, Halas needed only a Bear victory in the title game to crown his success story.

The Bears—powered by the immortal Bronko Nagurski, and with Red Grange, Carl Brumbaugh and Jack Manders lending spectacular support—were the favorites. Yet, with only 10 minutes remaining in the game, the Giants led, 21-16, and it appeared that Halas was to be denied the achievement he coveted most.

Manders kicked field goals of 17 and 40 yards for the Bears in the first half but Harry Newman's 29-yard touchdown pass and Ken Strong's extra point gave the Giants a 7-6 halftime lead. The Bears, behind Manders and Nagurski, surged ahead, 16-14, but midway in the fourth period the Giants struck with amazing suddenness.

Newman, seemingly trapped on the Bears' 25-yard line, spotted Strong running loose in the Bears'

secondary and lofted a perfect pass. The ex-New York University great, gathered in the pass just as he crossed over the last double-stripe and spurted into the end zone to put the Giants ahead.

The Bears returned the kickoff to their own 47. The clock showed 10 minutes left—10 minutes in which the Bears had to score a touchdown if they were to win the title.

Nagurski, famed 230-pound ex-University of Minnesota All-America fullback, pounded through the Giant line for nine yards and Brumbaugh connected with a pass to the New York 38. The crowd began to go wild as Nagurski plunged through the Giant line to the 33.

At this point Coach Halas signalled Brumbaugh to call a play which the Bears had planned for just such an emergency. The Giant line, of course, converged at the middle every time Nagurski took the ball because it required two or three tacklers to bring down the powerhouse fullback.

The snap from center went directly to Nagurski, and he plowed straight ahead for what seemed another drive through the center of the New York line. But as he reached the converging linemen, the Bronko suddenly popped a basketball-like pass over the middle toward end Bill Hewitt. Hewitt grabbed the ball, cut down five yards and lateraled off to Bill Karr, the other end. In a flash, Karr whisked away from the Giant secondary and raced over the goal line with the touchdown that gave the Bears a 23-21 victory.

In his 40 years of football there were only a few other times that Halas felt the same thrill of pride. His Bears were not only champions—they had come from behind to win in the tradition of *great* champions!



In the playoff against the Redskins the Bears could make no mistakes. Here McAfee starts a goalward dash.



GEORGE HALAS'

GREATEST THRILLS

Massacre on the Potomac

It might never have happened if George Marshall's boys hadn't called the Midway Monsters "a first-half team."

IT WAS ON December 8, 1940 that the Chicago Bears played a game that will ring down through all the ages of football as a monument to the coaching skills of George Halas. There were no last-second heroics, no sudden decision by the coach to save the game, no brilliant dressing room oratory. The contest, if you could call it that was the most one-sided in pro football history—an absolutely fantastic 73-0 victory for the Chicago Bears over the Washington Redskins.

The game remains, however, as the most unforgettable of Halas' career, because it marked the final victory of T-Formation over the old single-wing and double-wing offense. Pictures of the astounding victory were studied by virtually every college and high school coach in the country. It subsequently became evident that other teams would have to use Halas' new offensive technique—or else be crushed by it. A year earlier Halas had conceived the idea of a T-formation with one of the halfbacks going in motion to the outside before the snap of the ball. The maneuver completely outflanked (and drove into obsolescence) the 6-2-2-1 defense.

To operate his new-fangled offense, Halas had gathered one of the finest collection of stars in pro history. His quarterback was ex-Columbia University ace Sid Luckman, his halfbacks included George McAfee of Duke and Ray Nolting of Cincinnati, and his No. 1 fullback was ex-Holy Cross star Bill Osmanski. The line included such great performers as Danny Fortmann, Joe Stydahar, Bulldog Turner and George Wilson.

It was an amazing array of talent, but the Red-

skins actually were slight favorites when the teams took the field that day at the capital's Griffith Stadium for the 1940 NFL title game. The reason for picking the Redskins lay in the fact that, led by Slingin' Sammy Baugh, Washington had topped the Bears, 7-3, in a regular-season game two weeks earlier. George Preston Marshall's boys made no secret of their scorn for Halas' new offense.

"They labelled us a first-half team and that made us fighting mad," recalled the Chicago genius 20 years later. "And they thought they could beat us by using the same defense in the title game as they had used in the 7-3 victory over us."

The details were incredible as they unfolded before a crowd of 36,034.

On the second play of the game Osmanski raced 68 yards through the center of the Redskin line for a touchdown. Luckman led an 80-yard march and Joe Maniaci ran 42 yards to make it 21-0 at the end of the first period and it was 28-0 at the half. "They called you a first-half team," Halas told the Bears in the dressing room between halves. "Now let's see you go out and prove you can play football in the second half, too."

It was a day on which the Bears could do nothing wrong. They struck for 26 more points in the third period to build the score to 54-0. Then for 19 more in the final period—and the incredible 73-0 final tally.

"That's easy," said the 66-year-old Halas when asked to name his greatest day in football. "It was the day of the 73-0 rout—the greatest day any football coach ever had."

Washington could go nowhere. Jimmy Johnston is smothered by Luckman (grabbing his waist), Osmanski (9), McAfee (5).





GEORGE HALAS'

GREATEST THRILLS

Return to Glory

With the war over, "Papa Bear" and his key men came back to avenge the club's seven humiliations of the year before.

COULD THE BEARS come back under George Halas?

That was the question in the pro football world in 1946 when the 51-year-old owner-coach ended his World War II service in the Navy and returned to resume his post with the Midway Monsters. The great Bears of the 1940 through 1943 era had gone off to war and the players who remained did not fare too well under interim coaches Hunk Anderson and Luke Johnsos. They had dropped to second place with a 6-3-1 record in the Western Division in 1944 and in 1945 wound up in fourth place with a dreary 3-7 record.

But now Papa Bear had come out of the service to lead all the little Bears back to glory. And on December 15, 1946 only the New York Giants stood between Halas and still another world championship for the Chicagoans. Under the returning coach they had roared back with an 8-2-1 record that easily gave them the Western Division title.

The Giants, a tenacious defensive team whose offense was sparked by triple-threat Frank Filchock, had won the Eastern Division title with a 7-3-1 mark but were rocked a few days before the game when it was revealed that gamblers had offered bribes to two New York players in an attempt to control the



score of the game. As it turned out, however, one of the players involved, Filchock himself, was in the process of spoiling Halas' comeback hopes as the game went into the fourth period.

Sid Luckman, the Bears' brilliant quarterback, had opened the scoring by throwing a 21-yard touchdown pass to end Ken Kavanaugh in the first period. The Bears made it 14-0 only a few plays later when Dante Magnani intercepted a Filchock pass and galloped 19 yards for a touchdown.

Then the Giants struck back. Filchock, playing one of the best games of his career in the face of the awesome pressure produced by the revelation of the bribe offers, connected with end Frank Leibel

Chicago jumped off to a 14-0 lead when Magnani intercepted pass of Filchock (opp. page) and ran 19 yards for TD.



for a 38-yard touchdown pass in the first period. Then he tied the score at 14-14 in the third period when he bulletted a five-yard scoring pass to ex-Fordham star Steve Filipowicz.

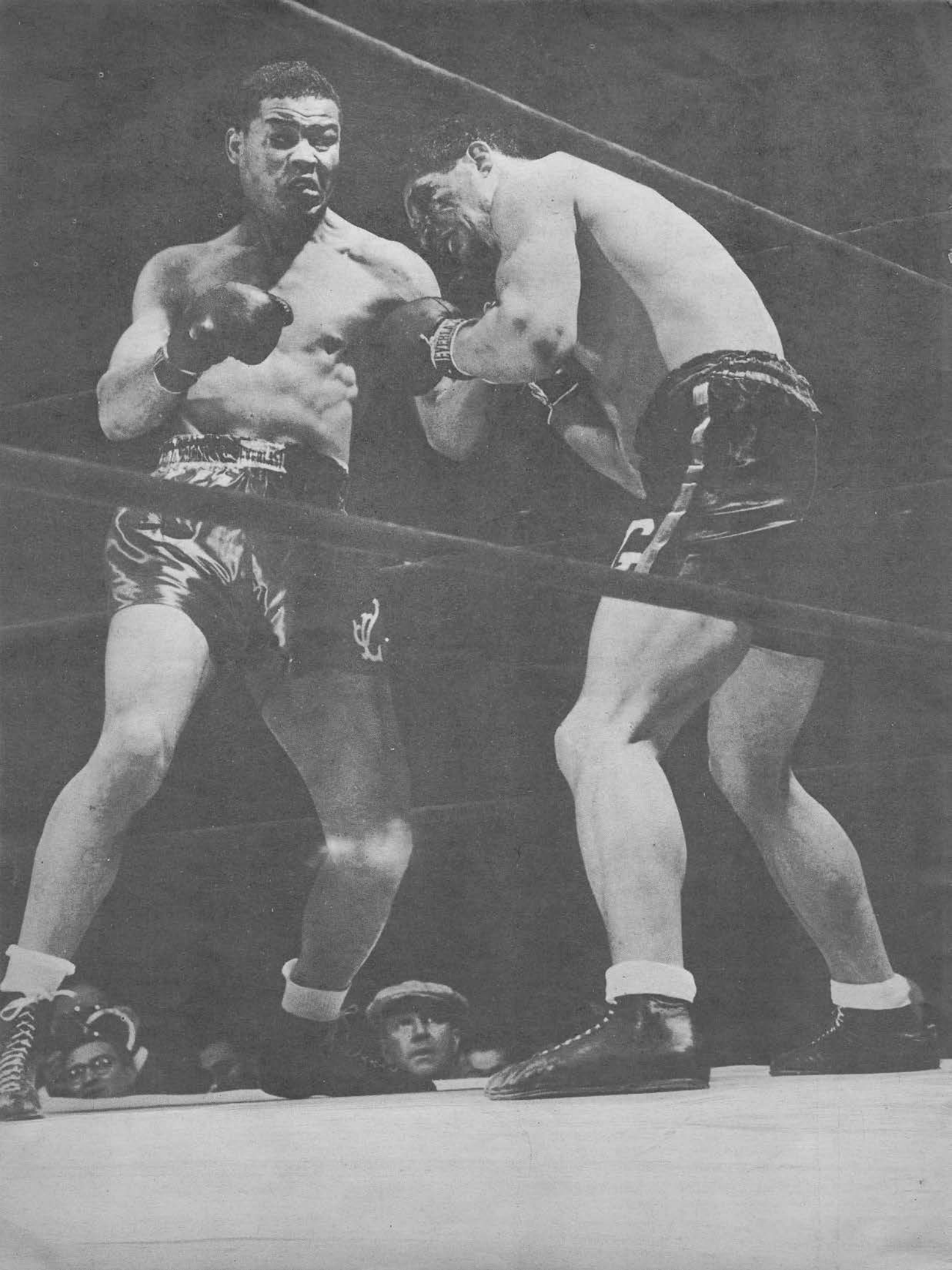
The crowd of 58,346 at the Polo Grounds was pulling for the hometown Giants but the Midway Monsters were determined to crown Halas' comeback with victory.

Luckman, throwing beautifully to Kavanaugh and handing off to his halfbacks, led the Bears down the field. Across the 50-yard stripe they went... to the 35... and then to the 19. The Giant defense dug in to halt the Chicago ground attack. The secondary poised themselves to gang up on Kavanaugh, Luck-

man's favorite receiver.

Luckman spun and whirled back through the T-formation. As he twisted out of it, he stopped and looked back at the halfback he apparently had given the ball. The Giant defense hesitated. And then Luckman, keeping the ball on the famed Bear "keeper play," sped out around right end and headed for the goal line. The Giants caught onto the play too late. Luckman was loose and over the goal to put the Bears ahead, 21-14. A few plays later Bill Maznicki kicked a 26-yard field goal and it was all over with the Bears winning, 24-14.

George Halas and the Chicago Bears were back on top of the pro football world.



When Louis Finally Shook Godoy Out of the Crouch

In their first fight, all Joe could see was the top of the Chilean's head. Never had he felt so frustrated.

EVEN FOR JUNE it seemed especially warm this afternoon in the knotty pine-walled gym at Greenwood Lake, New York City vacation outpost, where Joe Louis was training.

The sun already was low but its slanting rays added to the heat inside, though the crowd which had watched the workout long since was gone. Uncomfortable but lingering were newspapermen. They had to stay for the usual post-workout interview.

Louis strolled in, dismayingly cool-looking, after his shower and in fresh clothes. And he loomed powerfully impressive, in street garb no less. But the year was 1940, when he stood at his peak as heavy-weight champion—when Mike Jacobs, the promoter, had to muster a "Bum Of The Month Club" to get matches for him.

Yet this was not a happy Louis. He hadn't been his characteristic light-hearted self for several months. Specifically, since Feb. 9th of that year, the night one of the "Bums of The Month" had turned into "Surprise of The Month." Arturo Godoy, the Chilean whose talent was toughness, not only lasted the 15 rounds with the champion in Madison Square Garden, but also got one of the three officials to vote for him.

Now Joe was in camp for the return, his slow burn advertised by frequent scowling when ever the conversational topic turned to the South American who had blighted his life: Remembering the way Arturo had fought, squatting sliding, slipping side-wheeling, doing anything to avoid the bombs the usual first question of the visiting writers was: "What will you do, Joe, if he pulls some more funny stuff?"

He didn't relish the question, obviously. Just turned 26, he looked at floor like a small boy, as if expecting to find the answer there. Perhaps five seconds passed before he spoke. Then he said: "If he comes crawlin' up like a snake, I'll knock him out."

Some of his listeners laughed. The humor in the image of a 200-pound Godoy playing cobra all over the canvas appealed to them. At first Joe didn't see

it. Slowly a responsive light entered his eyes. Next a smile took over and he was enjoying it too.

"I wasn't meanin' he's a snake in the grass, without the grass," he chuckled.

Now the talk flowed more easily. It was evident Louis regarded with friendliness all opponents whom he thought "tried to fight." The phrase was his own. In that category he included Max Schmeling. "S'mellin's a fighter," he affirmed. "That first time he got the jump, he whipped me fair and square. Other time I got the jump on him."

This was becoming a rundown and he continued: "That li'l ol' fat Tony Galento, I liked him. He was tryin' to fight. 'Course, he got down, way down. But when he punched, he was up and he was punchin' all the way.

"That Jim Braddock, he wasn't afraid to come in and fight . . . Tommy Farr, he stood right in there . . . that big, straight-as-a-stick fella-what's his name, Nathan Mann? He tried . . . Even li'l ol' Jimmy Johnston's boy, Bob Pastor, when we fought in Detroit, he kept comin'."

The list dwindled down, and obviously Joe was thinking of Godoy again. The newsmen could sense his resentment smouldering anew.

"If somebody pays \$27.50 (a fancy ringside price pre-World War II), he's entitled to see somethin'," Louis said with the air of an outraged customer. "There were people cheated that night." Joe explained: "I was in the ring to fight. It wasn't my fault. All I could see was the top of his head. To hit at him woulda meant bustin' my hands on his hard head. How you gonna take that chance?"

Hitherto quiet in the background, Jack Blackburn, his scarred, aged teacher and trainer, offered vocal support: "You don' need no alibi, Chappie," he declared crisply. "Not for this one. And all you newspaper writers knows I ain' afraid to lay him out when he's wrong. He jus' was in with a man doin' everythin' but fightin'. If there's blame for not openin' up the man more, I take it. I tol' Chappie the man wasn't worth bustin' his hands on. I tol' him

there'll be a 'nother time." Blackburn's face now was wreathed in a grin. "Here's the 'nother time. He's gonna take care of the man 'cause he knows the man now."

Like a professor setting down a basic rule of science, the trainer continued: "He (Godoy) can't fight no different. One man got only one way of fightin', 'less'n he's Chappie's here, and he got ol' man Blackburn to stay on top of him with a whip." He glanced knowingly at the writers and gave them a big wink.

Louis had taken it all in docilely. Above and beyond everyone he had known in the fight game, he respected Blackburn. In the ring, Jack always had been his authoritative adviser.

The first time they'd seen each other—early in 1934, when John Roxborough, his Detroit manager, had taken Joe to Chicago—Blackburn had surveyed him coldly. Then he said: "You look like a pretty good amateur, but that ain' gettin' you nowheres. You gotta start learnin' all over. This is the pros."

Louis had gone on to learn the hard way under Blackburn, hours of work in the gym. . . . "lef' hand, lef' hand, lef' hand . . . that right's your policeman, keep it up there. You don' and you'll get murdered." There were days when Joe got murdered. Jack had a way of finding the toughest sparring partners in town.

The fights, Louis discovered, were easier than the training. That is, until success-deluded, he'd gone into his first match with Schmeling with a careless disregard for the basic defensive points Blackburn had been hammering into him.

Lazily dropping his hands after landing his own blows had opened him up to counter-punches. "I see somethings" the German said. And he used this knowledge. He pounded Joe with the right until Louis weakened. Then finished Louis in the 12th round.

Louis' abrupt changeabout in subsequent fights, including the Schmeling return, was a testament of his faith in Blackburn. Once again, as a result of a new crisis, Joe was putting his belief in his unyieldingly firm maestro.

The interviewers pressed the old-timer for an idea of how Louis would try to fight Godoy this time.

"Jes' say he's goin' to make it a busy might for that man," Jack chattered. "Jes' say that man can play squat-tag if he wants to, but he's goin' to be 'it' from the start." Another big wink. "We better get over to the house," the trainer said, by way of ending the interview, "there's a card game waitin'."

Some 25 miles away at a rebuilt summer theater in Carmel, a quiet town in New York's Putnam County, the object of Louis disaffection was training. And training hard.

Arturo Godoy, for a decade no better than a fair roughhouse-styled fighter with a good chin and no punch, suddenly had acquired new ambition at the age of 27. His first fight with Louis created it, naturally. He had been cheered while a great champion was jeered. On the record he came closer to beating Joe than any of eight previous challengers. Now he thought he could win.

Such self-esteem and public respect made a bliss-



In the first fight Godoy's low crouch bothered Louis.



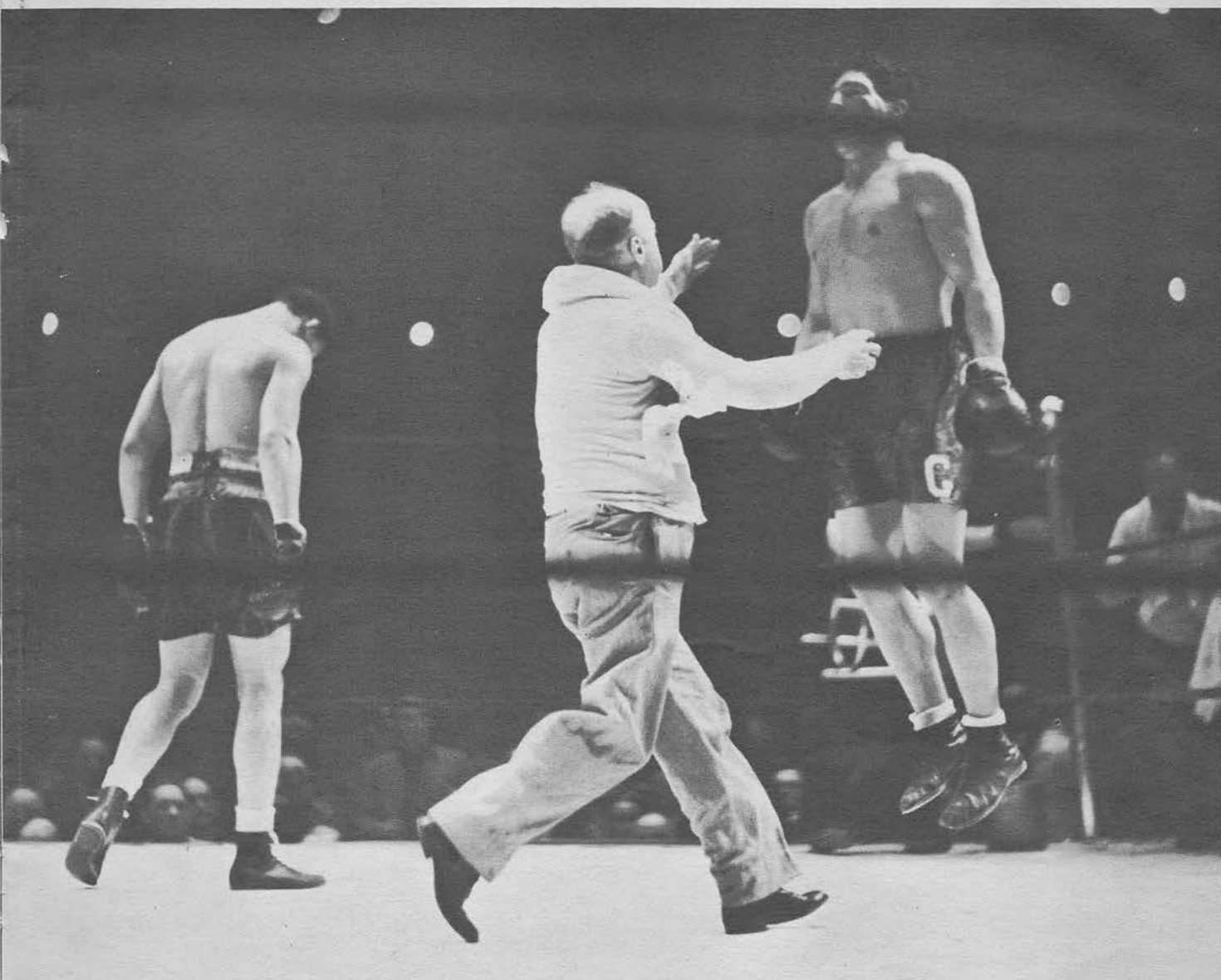
The Chilean would swing unexpectedly from his crab-like stance to score important blows to Joe's body.

fully happy man of Godoy, who hadn't always been that way.

Born in Iquique, Chile, a fishing town, Arturo's early life had been a struggle. He was eight when his father died. He had to help feed a large family and, after school, worked as a pin boy in a local bowling alley. For four years he held the job, earning the equivalent of \$5 a week.

At 17, Arturo was called for compulsory military service. The alternatives were the army or the navy. He picked the former for a very practical reason—the army period of service was 10 months, the navy two years.

In the hard-bitter army barracks Godoy learned to fight to defend himself. These were struggles for survival, rolling in the dirt, kicking, biting, gouging, anything, but nobody could make Arturo back off. An officer noting his spirt, suggested he enter a regimental boxing tournament. Although Godoy



At the end of round 15, Joe walked to his corner in disgust, while Godoy leaped for joy, thinking he had won.

never had worn gloves or battled in a ring, his strength and scrappiness carried him through to the championship.

When Arturo's army service ended, he turned pro. He started in Chile's leading city, Santiago, and, within a few years, was boxing all over Latin America's major fistic centers.

Godoy probably was at his peak around 1935, when he won in Santiago from the faded American boxing master, Tommy Loughran. The next year, in Buenos Aires, he knocked out an aged Luis Angel Firpo, who was almost a couple of generations over the hill since his famous battle with Jack Dempsey.

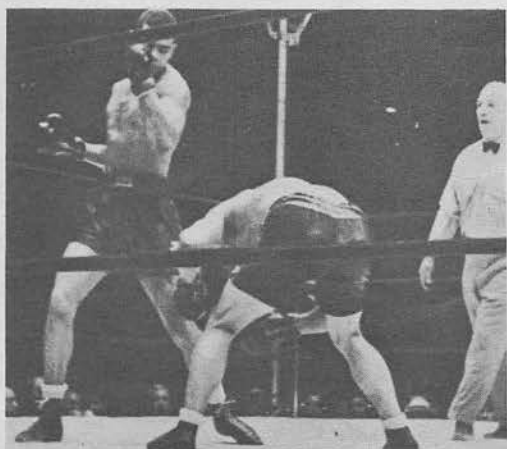
As a kid Arturo had boxed for almost a year in Miami and Palm Beach. He came back to the states nearly four years later. What reputation he was to acquire came then—and against Tony Galento. In a 10-rounder at New York City he got the decision. The crude bout had been such riotously entertaining

fare that Mike Jacobs rematched them for the semi-final on the card which featured Louis' title-winning match against Jim Braddock in Chicago. Again Godoy and Galento were a rib-tickling act, and again the Chilean won.

Successfully clowning in the ring doesn't pay particularly well, nor does it make a contender, and Arturo returned to South America where at least he was being taken seriously.

He didn't find the going easy. He lost to Valentin Campolo and Eduardo Primo, both downrated on U.S. failures.

However, events in this country were working to Godoy's advantage. With Louis' stupendous skills and his readiness to fight frequently, the champ was using up challengers. Even Galento, Godoy's slapstick collaborator, had gotten a title shot and emerged with some distinction (he'd floored Louis before getting himself cut into bloody strips).



During return match, however, the Brown Bomber risked his hands on Godoy's skull, and it paid off. In the 7th round the Chilean pressed too anxiously and Louis countered with a left and a right for a knockdown. In 8th, Joe scored KO.



Now Arturo's 2-0 standing with Tony meant something. Among the first to sense this was Al Weill, former Madison Square Garden matchmaker and a shrewd manager with better-than-average promotional instincts. Before Godoy left the States, he had been handled by Lou Brix, an old friend of Weill's.

By late 1939 Brix was chronically ill. His two-year contract with Godoy had run out. Thus, when Weill beckoned, the fighter came a-running to him. The embarrassment awkward Arturo was to cause Joe with his crazy-quilt, rush and-wrestle tactics, it was learned subsequently, had actually been inspired by Al. "Get down low, get inside," Weill had lectured, "you'll mess him up and you'll burn him up."

As 15,657, paying \$88,523 (a poor Louis turnout), could testify later, the champion was infuriated. He never could get Godoy lined up for clean shots, though he cut him under the left eye, bruised his lips and the area around both eyes. Godoy added insult to pride-injury during the next-to-last round in the 14. *He pulled Louis close and planted a quick kiss on the Brown Bomber's cheek.*

When the decision was announced—Referee Arthur Donovan and Judge George Lecron voting for Louis, Judge Charley Shortell for Godoy—the South American ran to Joe's corner. He obviously was trying to embrace him and kiss him again. Louis angrily pushed him off and stalked out of the ring.

But now the months had passed and Godoy, at Carmel, once more was listening to a litany from Weill, as well from Charley Goldman, the gnome-like trainer who had implemented the teachings of the manager.

"Godoy, elbows close to the body," Goldman was saying. "Weave under and hook to the body. Now come back with a right to the liver. Keep your head on his chest. Give him nothing to punch at."

There was confidence among visiting experts at Arturo's last workout. Jimmy Grippo, manager of Melio Bettina, said: "If he could punch a little harder, I'd make him a cinch." Sammy Richman, Brooklyn promoter, predicted: "He'll go the limit again, and this means it can be anybody's fight."

Godoy himself was flying conversationally. "I fight so much this time Louis, he won't know to what to do. Last time I make jokes (the kissing routine) because I get a little tired. Now I am stronger. I don't stop one minute for all 15 rounds, I promise. Finishing, it is not enough. I have to win. If I don't win, I don't get third chance."

Meanwhile Referee Donovan had written an article for a national magazine criticizing Godoy's "crab-fight." Weill didn't miss the obvious cue—he demanded that the New York State Athletic Commission bar Donovan from the rematch.

Yet, for all the hoopla, the public wasn't warming to the fight, scheduled for June 20th in Yankee Stadium. Ticket sales lagged. Mike Jacobs had been telling people that it would gross \$200,000. One writer cracked: "Sure, it will be a great house—if they come."

The betting reflected the skepticism. It was 5-1 on Louis to win, 4-1 that Godoy wouldn't be there at the end and even money Godoy didn't come up for the sixth round.

Yet, with the Brown Bomber, there was no airy assurance. He was deadly serious, prepared to make the best effort of his career to atone for what he had called "the worst fight of my life." If he had backed off at times to spare his hands, he now was ready to risk breaking them.

The weigh-in at noon on fight-day showed the champion had not spared himself in training. He was 199, within one pound of his weight when he'd taken the title from Jim Braddock, three years earlier, and four pounds lighter than for his first match with Godoy. The Chilean, at 201½, scaled half a pound less, than he did in their first encounter.

They were whisked off for the long wait till battle time.

When the fighters paraded down to the ring 10 minutes before the zero hour, it was apparent that the pessimistic gate estimates had been justified. The gathering, later authenticated as 26,640, contributing \$164,120 was the poorest for Louis in a ball park up to then.

Still, the air was tension-touched. As indicated by Joe's attitude, the champ wasn't expecting to get by on his clippings. He looked grim, a trifle taut. Godoy was bouncy, almost cocky. In the corner Louis stood quietly. The challenger, across the ring, bent and swayed in a sort of limbering-up exercise.

On the signal from a State Athletic Commission official, the referee climbed into the ring. And here was a victory of sorts for Godoy. Donovan, who had officiated at all of Louis' seven title fights in New York, was not working. The "third man" chosen was Billy Cavanagh, a veteran but reputedly second fiddle to Donovan. It was evident that Weill's protests had borne fruit.

The fighters heard a final word from Cavanagh and, with the sound of the bell, Godoy charged. It was easy to read his blueprint—he was going to try and smother Louis again, but with an extra viciousness. He not only wanted to nullify Joe's full-armed punches, but he also wanted to hurt the champ with sweeping blows to the body.

However, Old Man Blackburn had anticipated Godoy. He had prepared Louis to meet the Chilean halfway as he advanced, and a fraction of second before Arturo could get off his wide body blows, Joe was zinging in chopping inside left hooks and ripping right uppercuts. Many of them were traveling less than 10 inches.

The pace turned hot before the first round was a minute gone. Godoy continued to persevere in his pressing tactics, but soon he paid the price. As the fighters came out of a head-to-head interlude, a deep cut could be seen over his left eye. The round ended soon thereafter.

Between-rounds, corner work temporarily staunched the South American's gash. It didn't stay that way. The champion knew a bullseye when he saw one. And he worked on it. Godoy's bleeding renewed, and a smaller cut broke open under the left eye.

Through the second, third and fourth rounds, stubborn, strong-chinned Godoy survived a hail of leather. In the fifth and sixth, though lumped, bruised and understandably worn, the hard-shelled

underdog gave the impression of having gotten his second wind. Either Louis was tiring or biding his time.

Late in the seventh round, while Joe still had onlookers puzzled, the action took an electric turn. Godoy was following through on a miss, an unexpectedly bold right swing aimed at Joe's jaw, when suddenly it happened—a countering Louis left to Godoy's chin, and then a right directly thereafter to the same spot.

Now, for the first time Arturo's sturdy knees dipped. The tiger in Joe came alive. In rapid succession he thundered perhaps 20 lefts and rights to the head. Godoy sagged under the collective impact. Then he dropped. Arturo took a count of six and, with amazing recuperative resiliency, started to square off again. The bell clanged before fighting resumed.

In the corner Dr. William H. Walker of the commission checked Godoy's eye and general condition. He approved continuing.

Nobody had checked with the steely-eyed, coldly calculating Louis, however. Joe was determined to keep his man on the hook. As the eighth round began, Godoy crashed forward with blind courage—risky business against a great gunner.

Now another thunderstorm of continuing fire plummeted on Arturo's head, left, right, left, right. For the wounded braveheart, there can be no retreat. Stumbling, fumbling, he lurched toward his executioner. Finally a climaxing right to the jaw drove Godoy heavily to the canvas. He landed on all fours. At eight he agonizingly got his feet under him. He wavered erect, his hands in a caricature of a fighter's pose.

At this point Godoy's face, was grotesquely mashed and bleeding, his equilibrium a matter of doubt. Mercy came in a cannonading by Louis. A series of lefts and rights hurtled him into his own corner. Referee Cavanagh wig-wagged that it was over without a count. The round time was 1:24.

Then Cavanagh helped Godoy to his feet and started the hapless fighter toward his corner. The Chilean's seconds rushed to meet him. At this point, the beaten fighter whirled and snapped at the referee in Spanish. A weird post-fight pugnacity had welled up in him. Godoy mauled and shoved. With his seconds trying to restrain him, he pushed in the direction of Louis' corner. Joe, halfway out of the ropes, turned back and put his own hands up as if to defend, but there was nothing to defend against. Just as suddenly as the storm had blown up, Arturo cooled down.

In the dressing room Jack Blackburn, Louis' best friend and severest critic, had an ear-to-ear grin. "Chappie, you done your job right, and I'm proud of you," he said.

To the writers Joe was saying: "He was tougher than anybody but Jack told me, 'You go inside. You got to knock him out.' Could have been that way the first time, if I'd carried it to him. Well, you live and learn."

Arturo Godoy lived and learned, too. Because he'd dared fight Louis twice, he had been knocked out for the first time in his career.

THE YEAR THE CARDS

With the sensational backfield of Christman, Trippi, Angsman and Harder, the Cards made Windy City fans forget the Bears in 1947.

FOOTBALL FANS from all over Chicago and the surrounding area traveled to Comiskey Park on December 28, 1947. They were on their way to see a National Football League championship game. Even a biting wind and a snappish 28 degree temperature couldn't curb their enthusiasm. For this day was an unusual one for all Chicago Cardinal fans. The team that had the worst record of any club in the NFL for the past two decades was to play that afternoon against the Philadelphia Eagles in the Cards' first league championship appearance since 1925.

It hadn't been easy to be Cardinal fan for all those despairing years. Not when you had another pro team in the same city that had often been great. From 1933 through 1946 the Chicago Bears had won eight Western Division titles and five league championships. In the same 14 year span, the Cardinals had won 38 games while losing 107.

Actually things had started to improve for the Cardinals with the 1946 season. Winning six games and losing five, they had won five more games than in their three previous seasons combined and had their first record over .500 since 1931. Still they hadn't been good enough to be the talk of the town. In 1946 the Bears had won the divisional title and gone on to defeat the New York Giants for the championship.

But the Cardinal owner, Charlie Bidwell, and the team's hardy fans looked forward to the 1947 season with unusual optimism. The Cardinal coach, Jimmy Conzelman, told Bidwell that he needed only one more breakaway runner to make the team a title threat. Conzelman knew the man he wanted—Charlie Trippi, the All-American from the University of Georgia. The acquisition of Trippi, Conzelman claimed, would complete a dream backfield.

Conzelman, a colorful extrovert who had come out of coaching retirement in 1946 to lead the Cardinals, had the rest of his backfield set. For quarterback he had Paul Christman, who had been an All-American at the University of Missouri in 1939 and '40. Paul was nearing 30 but only entering his third season as a pro. Four years in service had forced a late start on him.

Paul had been ready to give up football when he got out but two reasons drove him to become a pro football rookie at the age of 27. Naturally, one was the money. The other was pride. Despite his two-year All-American status, Christman still believed he had to prove his greatness. When Paul had been

turned down for a football scholarship at Notre Dame and Purdue, he had said, "Some day I'm going to star for the best team in the world." That was why Paul Christman thought it necessary to play pro football in the NFL.

One player who hadn't been turned down by Notre Dame was halfback Elmer Angsman. He was a fleet, tricky runner for the Cardinals in 1946 and now Conzelman believed he only needed another halfback of the same skills as Angsman to make his team a title contender. For a fullback, Jimmy had one of the best in Marlin (Pat) Harder, a bruising runner and sure-footed placekicker.

Owner Bidwell got Trippi for Conzelman. He had to bid high for him because the fledgling All America Conference teams were offering big bonuses to sign all of college football's 1946 heroes. The Georgia Bulldog fitted in perfectly with Conzelman's plans.

The Cardinals' summer camp in 1947 was a happy place. The entire team worked well together and the backfield was something to behold. There were the lighthearted moments too, usually supplied by Conzelman or Christman. One day the coach, a heavy consumer of cokes, walked up and down in front of the Cardinal bench, alternately swigging from a bottle of his favorite drink and shouting, "Angsman! Where the Hell is Angsman?"

"He's just going over for a touchdown, Jim," a substitute answered as the rest roared.

Christman provided a laugh with his answer on a questionnaire sent out by the team's public relations director to Cardinals who had seen military service in World War II. To the question, "What was most hazardous experience?" Christman wrote, "Playing behind the Cardinals' 1945 line."

And so the team roared into the regular season flushed with promise and eagerness. They won their first three games before bowing to the Los Angeles Rams. The only sadness that came with the early success was the death of owner Charlie Bidwell. He had made them a classy team with the addition of Trippi and it proved unfitting that he wasn't around to share the joy after all the years of failure.

The smooth machine got back in stride after the upset by the Rams, winning its next four games. Even a thrashing by the Washington Redskins couldn't completely dampen Paul Christman's spirits. He had the ability to drop the funny quip and pick up his losing teammates.

"How about that Sammy Baugh?" lamented

WERE CHICAGO'S BEST

Christman in the locker room after the 45-21 loss to the Redskins. "Before the game, he gets a new car. During the game, he completes six touchdown passes. After the game, he hasn't even got his pants dirty. And this is the first time I've been off my back all afternoon!"

But in most of the games Christman didn't have to rally sinking teammates. The Cardinals were usually a winning team, exuberant with the joy of victory. They won the Western Division title in the most attractive way, beating their crosstown rivals in the final game of the regular season.

Conzelman's dream backfield had been a smashing success story. Christman had thrown 17 touchdown passes. Only alltime greats Sammy Baugh and Sid Luckman had edged him in this vital statistic. Full-back Pat Harder had made the All-Pro team and had won the league's scoring championship. Halfbacks Angsman and Trippi had finished eighth and ninth among the league's leading ball-carriers, scoring 11 touchdowns between them.

Each member of this backfield had contributed so heavily to the team's success that the glamor of full-scale individual publicity somewhat passed them by. It went, instead, to their head coach who had molded them into a powerful unit. It was one of those infrequent happenings where the winning

coach is publicized as much if not more than any of his stars.

The nation's leading sportswriters streamed into Chicago for the championship game against the Eagles. Many of them were unfamiliar with Jimmy Conzelman's background. They found out he had been an author, orator, boxer, sculptor, songwriter, actor, baseball executive, piano player, newspaper publisher and bandleader, but they wanted to know when he had decided to become a football coach.

Colorful Jimmy from St. Louis launched into a reply that entertained millions of readers around the country: "We were seated around the dinner table. 'I'm going to take a coaching job, Mother,' I said. She nodded agreement.

"Aunt Minnie was there, big puss and all. She had to get her fin in. 'Well' she said, raising one eye at me and lowering the other at the last pork chop. 'That's news, after him not working for a year.'

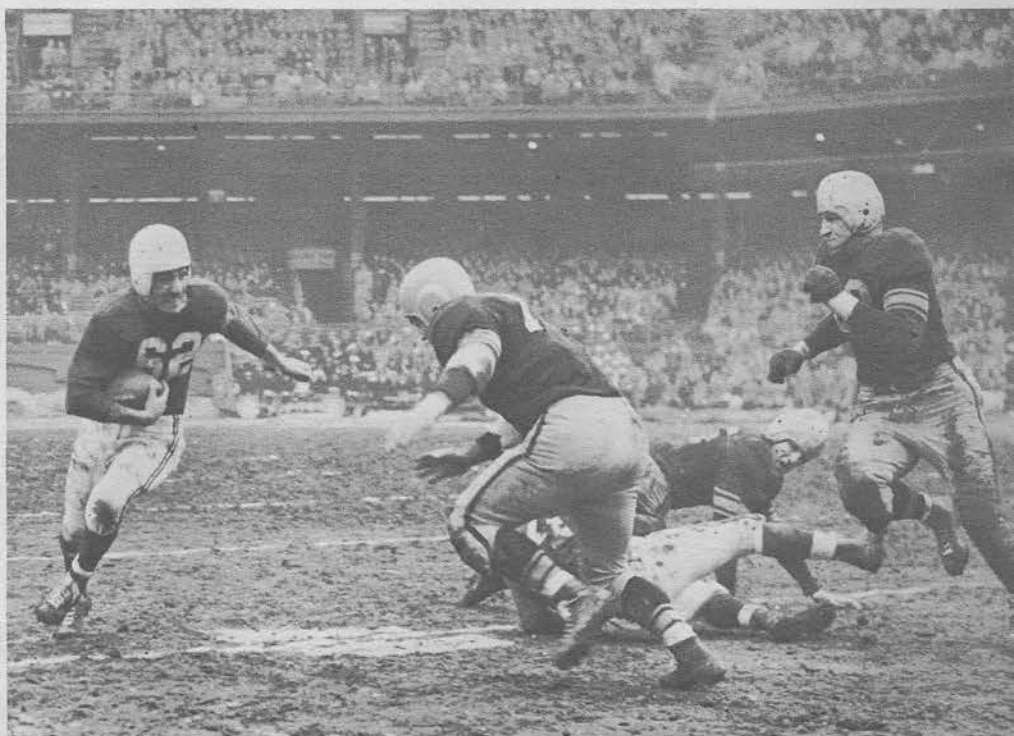
"My mother interrupted. 'Please, Minnie. After all, he looked for work.

"Aunt Minnie laughed like a rattler. 'You can't tell me he couldn't find work,' she chortled. 'At least he could drive a milk wagon.'

"That was her stock advice to anyone looking for a job. Drive a milk wagon. According to her, year after year there were always milk routes going



Coach Conzelman beams proudly as his ace back Charley Trippi gets ready for game. On field (right) Trippi was a terror as he slashed past opposition defensive squads.



abegging. What's the matter with the dairy union? Aren't they organized? Is the pay lousy? Something must be wrong with an industry with so many unfilled jobs.

"Perhaps Aunt Minnie was right. Driving a milk wagon is a nice, quiet life compared with driving a football team to slaughter. I hear the equipment's better now, too. They tell me milk wagons are motorized with soft, soundless tires. You don't get shaken up.

"The Chicago Bears sure shake you up."

This then was the cast of Cardinals that faced the powerful Philadelphia Eagles for the championship on that cold December day in 1947—a brilliant backfield quartet, the hard-driving seven that blocked for them, an effective defensive unit and the white-thatched coach who inspired them.

The Cardinals, dressed in their traditional red and white, trotted on to the semi-frozen field wearing sneakers. There were 30,759 paying fans who greeted them. The green and white clad Eagles came onto the field wearing cleats. They changed to sneakers later in the game. The star of the Philadelphia team was halfback Steve Van Buren. He had been the league's leading ball-carrier. A bruising, tackle-busting, speedy runner, Van Buren was the Jimmy Brown of his day.

The Eagles also had a great passing quarterback in Tommy Thompson and a fine leader in coach Alfred Earle (Greasy) Neale. But where Conzelman was gregarious and outspoken, Neale was taciturn.

One pro football pundit had commented, "This game will mean the return of vaudeville because Conzelman is the perfect comic and Greasy the perfect straight man." It was an apt description of the two coaches but failed to define the brand of football that was played that afternoon.

The opening moments of the game were close and hard fought. When the Cardinals got the ball, quarterback Christman wisely kept the team mostly on the ground. Because of the slippery conditions, Paul believed the Cardinals with sneakers would have a running game advantage over the Eagles. He knew that if either of his two fleet halfbacks could get a step of running room, they would be hard to stop.

Chicago moved upfield slowly. It reached the Eagles' 44. Then Christman called for the quick thrust that he had been setting up. He sent Charlie Trippi bulling inside left tackle. Once the swivel-hipped speedster broke past the Philadelphia line there was no stopping him. He raced into the end zone halfway through the first quarter to shoot the Cardinals into the lead. Pat Harder, who had only missed one of 40 extra points in the regular season, made it 7-0.

Meanwhile Van Buren and his running mates were finding the going rough. Switching to sneakers didn't seem to help. The Cardinal defensive team was charged up and only yielded short yardage. Tommy Thompson began to pass. He completed many but wasn't quite able to put the Eagles into the scoring column. The game developed into a punting duel.

The action might have become a little boring, except this was Cardinal town, and as long as the

In the title game against the Eagles, Trippi moves off tackle for 17 yards as Elmer Angsman (7) and Plate Andros (on ground) both blocked out Philadelphia's end John Green (89), shown reeling backward.





Redshirts stayed in front they were thrilling their audience. The second break in the game didn't come until midway in the second quarter. Again it came with the crashing suddenness, the long run, that was to typify the Cardinal attack this day.

The play emanated from the Chicago 30. This time it was Elmer Angsman who bolted through the left side of the line. He hustled for 70 yards with the same breakneck speed that Trippi had shown on his touchdown sprint. Harder's conversion made it 14-0.

The fans spiced the intermission by engaging in lively debates over who was faster, Trippi or Angsman. One wise fan settled his group discussion, saying, "Does it really matter as long as they're both running for us?"

The third started much the same way as the other



After the game (l. to r.) Asst. Coach Handler, Angsman, Conzelman and Trippi had reason to celebrate. The club they beat fielded a great backfield (below, l. to r.) of Thompson, Muha, Pritchard and rushing record-holder Van Buren.



two had. Again the game became a punting duel. On one occasion in the second half, the Eagles' Joe Muha kicked 69 yards for the longest punt in a championship game. But another of his punts slithered four yards for the shortest kick ever in title play.

It was an Eagle punt in the third quarter that led to another thrill for the crowd. Charlie Trippi gathered it in on his own 25 yard line. Then he began a run that had been a specialty of his while he was earning his All-American reputation at Georgia. He twisted, turned and snaked his way up the field. Twice he crossed the width of the field, now hugging the sideline stripe and then bursting into the middle. It ended up in a touchdown and the Cardinals forged ahead 21-7.

Many of the fans were convinced that Trippi's 75 yard punt return had spiked the Eagles' bid. They thought the day of days had arrived after 22 years of frustrating wait. But Tommy Thompson dimmed this optimism.

Philadelphia took the ensuing kickoff and marched 73 yards upfield in 15 plays. They gained most of the yardage on Thompson's arm. Van Buren finally cracked over from the one for the touchdown. The conversion made it 21-14, and that was the score as the third quarter ended.

Early in the fourth quarter, the Eagles got the ball on their own 17. They made one first down to the 32. When Thompson followed this with a 45 yard pass to end Pete Pihos, the partisan crowd groaned. But when the play was called back for a 15 yard holding penalty, the fans temporarily relaxed.

They were on their feet cheering several plays later. Angsman, refusing to be outdone by Trippi, took a Christman handoff on his own 30 and equalled his 70 yard run of two quarters earlier. The fans warmed up with a spontaneous applause. They had witnessed pro football's most beautiful sight—the long touchdown run—four times in one game.

The drama resumed as pro football's second most beautiful sight, the long pass, worked again against the Cardinals. Thompson passed his team to the Cardinal one and Russ Craft carried it over from there. Cliff Patton again added the point and the Eagles once more trailed by seven elusive points, 28-21. But time ran out and with its demise an NFL championship came to the Chicago Cardinals.

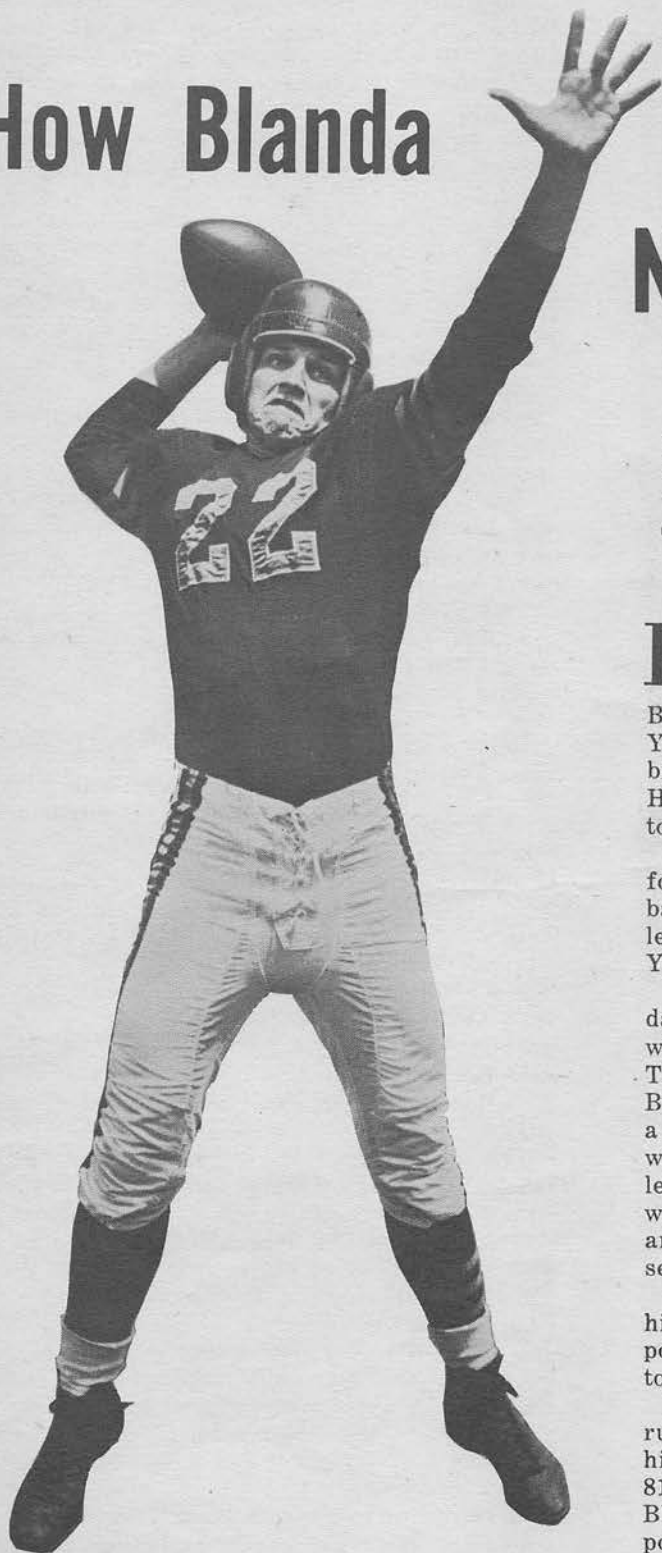
In the Cardinal locker room, the Chicago players nursed the bruises of battle with the joy of victory. Pat Harder was a comical sight laughing with a badly bruised eye. There was the touch of sadness, too, when Mrs. Violet Bidwell, the deceased owner's widow, came in and said, "It's just too bad that Charlie couldn't have seen this."

But mostly it was fun and laughter. Coach Conzelman congratulating the team and telling each player how much he appreciated his effort. And to keep the festivities from getting sticky and sentimental there was quarterback Paul Christman and the quip.

"I asked my son how he enjoyed the game," Paul related. "He said, 'Swell, pops. Charlie Trippi and Elmer Angsman sure can play football.'"

How Blanda

Beat The New York Jinx



By coming out of retirement to join the Houston Oilers, the ex-Bear gained an opportunity to settle an old score.

IT TOOK over 10 years, but George Blanda finally gave his regards to old Broadway. "I don't know what it is," Blanda once confessed to a Chicago Bears teammate, "but everytime we play in New York I can't seem to get going." And he had some bitter disappointments to back up his contention. He seemed to be a jinxed ballplayer when it came to the big town.

A top-flight National Football League performer for 10 years, Blanda had to wait until he quit football, and then he chanced a comeback with a new league before he made an impression on the New York fans.

But before his success came some pretty trying days. Perhaps the most exasperating year was 1956 when the Bears won the NFL's Western Conference. The Bears had opened the season in a 28-21 loss at Baltimore but came back to win their next seven in a row as Blanda shared the Bears' quarterbacking with Ed Brown. George, with eight years in the league, and fullback Rick Casares, a sophomore, were both having banner seasons along with Brown and end Harlon Hill, who were both in their third seasons in the NFL.

Blanda was on his way to being the league's third highest scorer for the season. He finished three points behind teammate Casares who was runnerup to league leader Bobby Layne of Detroit.

Layne scored 99 points, including five touchdown runs, 39 extra points and 12 field goals. Casares got his 84 points on touchdowns but George amassed his 81 points without benefit of a six-pointer. All of Blanda's scoring came on field goals and extra points. The former Kentucky star converted 45 of 47 attempts after touchdowns and added 12 field goals.

In addition to Casares and Blanda, the Bears had Hill, the pass-catching sensation from little Florence State Teachers College in Alabama, who scored 66 points during the season on 11 pass receptions.

The high-flying Monsters of the Midway, with seven straight victories, moved into New York on



Blanda's toe which served the Bears so well during the season couldn't help them much in Yankee Stadium.

November 25th after the Giants had dropped their second loss of the season against six wins. The Bears were being pursued by the Detroit Lions. The teams had been tied most of the season for the Western Conference lead but the Lions had lost their traditional Thanksgiving Day game with Green Bay, 24-20. Detroit's loss enabled the Bears to take sole possession of first place with the chance of pulling a full game ahead of Detroit and possibly clinching the conference title with a win over the Giants.

Besides being able to improve their own standing the Chicagoans were in position to deal a severe blow to the New Yorkers, who were only one game ahead of the Chicago Cardinals in the Eastern Conference race. A Bears' win not only would just wrap up the Western title but it would also create serious trouble for the Giants who still had to play the Redskins, Browns and Eagles in regularly scheduled games.

The Halas men realized, of course, they weren't in for any picnic, despite the fact the New York offense had been sputtering. There still was that determined Giant defense headed by Sam Huff, Andy Robustelli and Rosey Grier to contend with.

In the game, the Giant defenders turned in an almost super-human effort, setting up three scoring opportunities, while holding Chicago to only three points and making things almost unbearable for Blanda and his mates most of the afternoon.

The New York offense made the most of its opportunities, scoring two touchdowns and extra points and a field goal for a 17-3 lead with about three minutes left to play in the game.

The Bears' only points came on Blanda's field goal inasmuch as their highly-touted running attack was stopped time and time again by the defensive forward wall of the Giants.

Yet the Bears refused to give up, although time was running out. Brown collaborated with Hill for two sensational touchdown passes. The second tally came with less than a minute to play and cut the Giants lead to 17-16.

Lining up for the extra point try Blanda realized the full importance of his kick. A miss meant a loss; a good kick meant at least a tie and kept the Bears ahead of the Lions.

George split the uprights and the Giants killed the clock on the ensuing series of plays, settling for the tie and retaining the lead of the Eastern Conference.

Although pleased with his effort, Blanda probably couldn't help wondering just what it was about New York. Here were the Bears enjoying one of their best seasons since he joined the club and all they could do was manage a tie.

Meanwhile the championship playoff was scheduled for the East, giving the Bears another crack at the Giants in Yankee Stadium, providing they both made it.

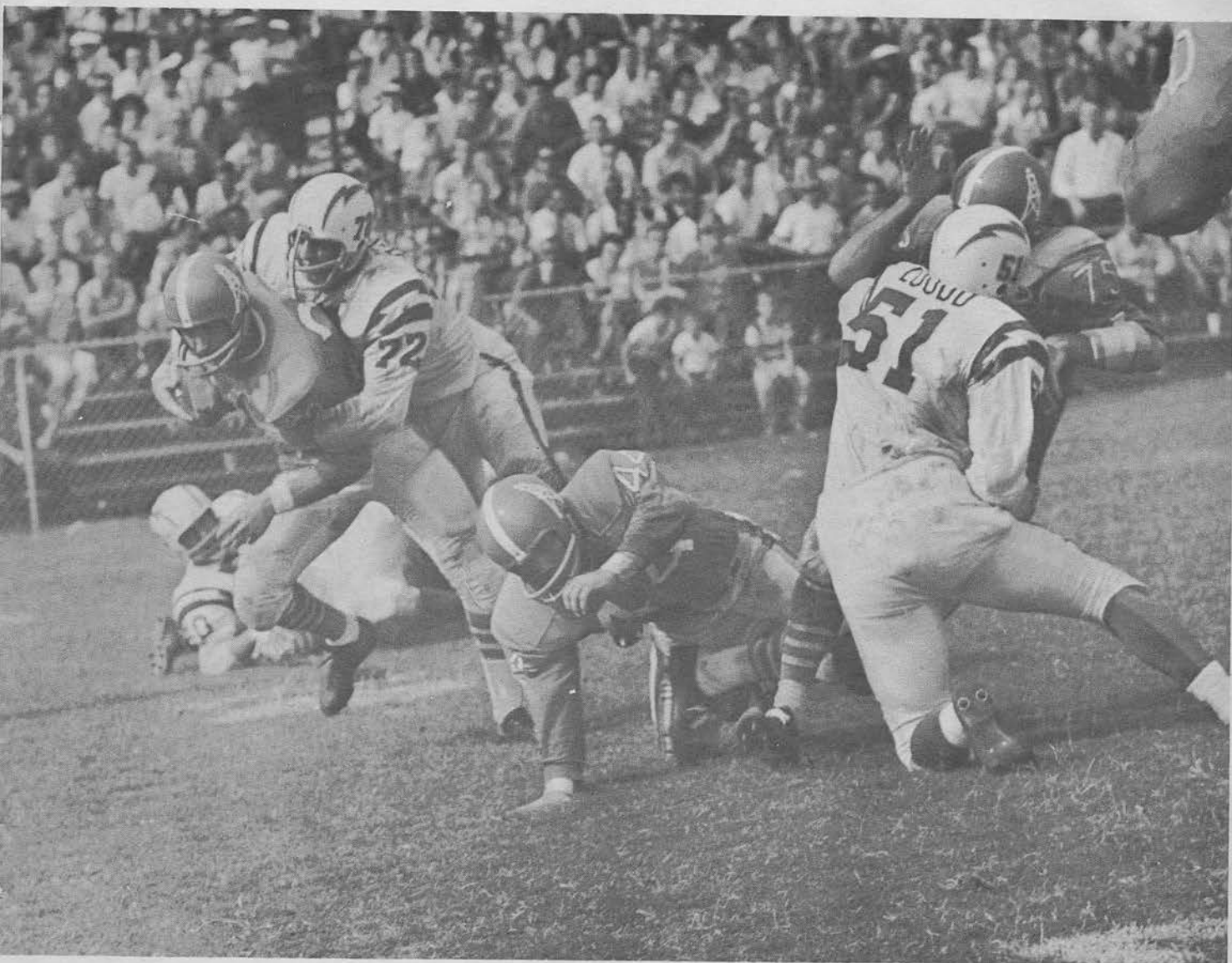
Both teams did make it the Bears clinching their title in a 38-21 victory over the Lions at Chicago on the last day of the regular season, while the Giants wrapped up their conference championship in a 21-7 win at Philadelphia the day before.

Blanda, no doubt, felt mixed emotions as he got still another look at old Broadway, when the Bears hit New York for the championship game on December 30.

On this day, the slow-starting Giants had picked up momentum and hardly looked like the same team the Bears played a few weeks earlier. Scoring in just about every conceivable fashion, the Giants rolled to a 47-7 victory and completely demoralized the Chicagoans.

It began to look as if Blanda would never give Broadway his regards. He had been in the NFL eight seasons and the batterings he took each week beginning to tell their tale. Two seasons later Blanda decided to call it quits. Pro football was a fine way of making a living—for 20-year-olds. For guys who had been kicking around the NFL 10 years it was a different story.

George knew when to quit. But, after laying off a year he got bids to play again in a new football



Coming out of retirement took guts for a man of Blanda's age, but his mind was on Houston's visit to Polo Grounds.

league. From Lou Rymkus, a tackle who had left his mark on the NFL while serving with the Cleveland Browns.

Rymkus had agreed to coach the Houston Oilers for K. S. (Bud) Adams, and he had landed a flock of young talent, headed by Billy Cannon, everybody's All-America and Heisman Trophy winner for being the outstanding player of 1959.

Yet, the Oilers wanted an experienced quarterback to make their offense click. They needed someone with Blanda's qualifications if they intended to take the new league's championship.

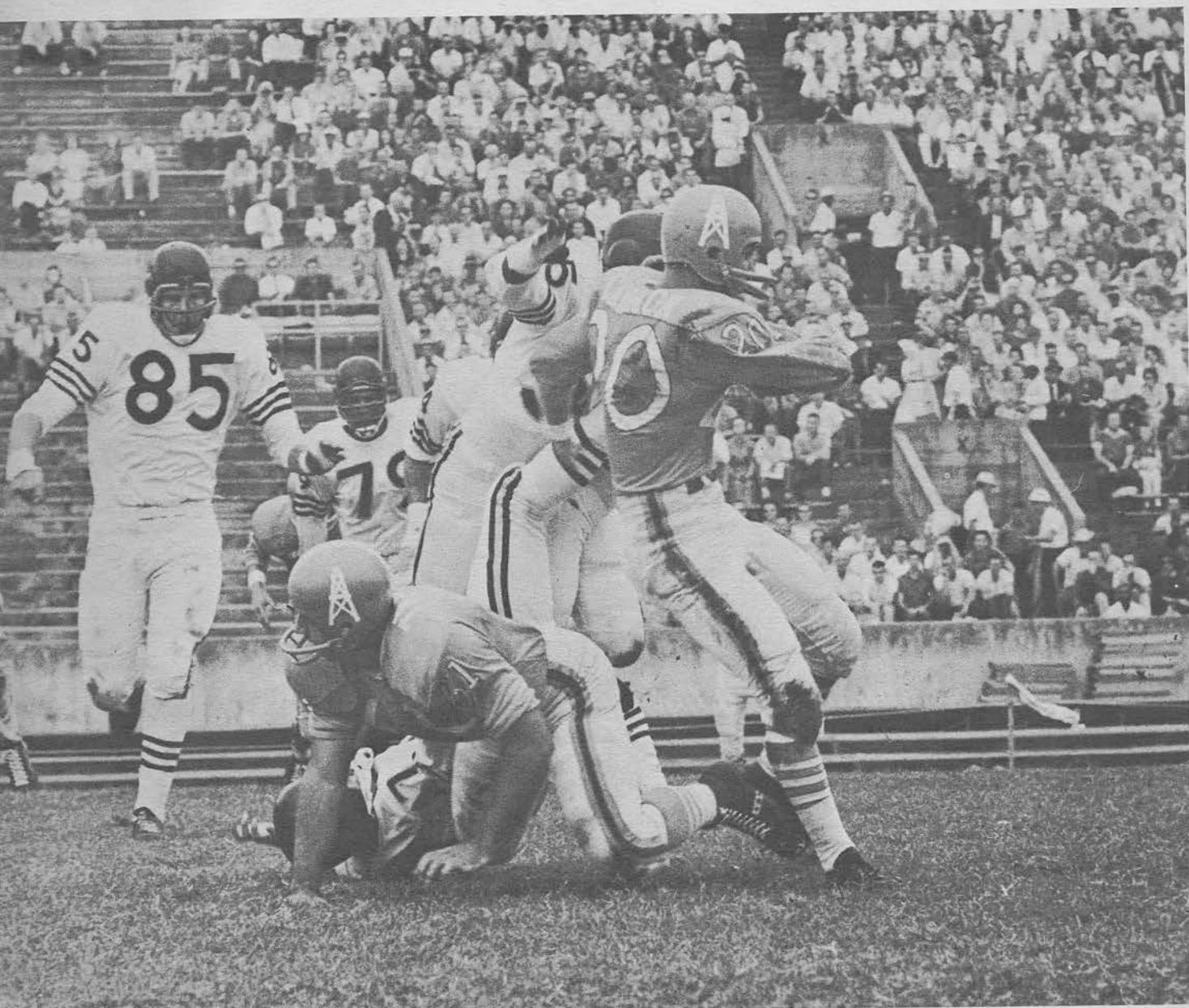
George was hesitant. He had been through it all and he was well aware of how tough it would be to make a comeback after a year's layoff. Besides he had already proved he belonged with the best in pro football. What else was there? His name dotted the NFL's record book. Blanda held the record for most consecutive points after touchdown, converting 156, including eight games in 1951, 11 in 1952, 12

All this before the streak was broken. Because of his in 1953, seven in 1954, 11 in 1955 and four in 1956. Before the streak was broken. Because of his prolific kicking, George had always ranked high among NFL scorers and, after making it big in the old, established league, what could be gained by trying to make a comeback in a new venture?

But Blanda said yes. Thus, he and a corps of old-timers with previous NFL experience, like Frank Tripucka and Al Dorow, became the backbone of the fledgling American Football League.

George proved himself a star from the very beginning as Houston soared to a flying start, winning four of its first five games before going on to the Eastern Division title and, finally, the league championship.

The Oilers' third victory was against the New York Titans, but the game was played at Houston, and Blanda was aching for a chance to play again in New York and settle a few old scores with the fans



Billy Cannon (20) takes Blanda handoff and races past Oakland end for big gain. Combination brought Oilers title.

who remembered his dark days as a Bear.

After trimming the Titans, 27-21, at Houston, the Oilers dumped Dallas, 20-10 for a 4-1 record before leaving for New York and a meeting at the Polo Grounds with the Titans.

The Titans a little busier than the Oilers, had played six games when the two clubs clashed. Coach Sammy Baugh's charges had won four and lost two. The Oilers could lose to the Titans and still have time to make the ground up in the race for the Eastern Division title. The Titans, on the other hand, had to win the game to stay in contention.

Although Houston possessed small cushion, Blanda wasn't about to settle for second best again. Not in New York, anyway. The tie and world championship defeat of his Bears of 1956 were still fresh in his

mind as he took the field for the opening kickoff against the Titans last year.

Before the dust had settled, Blanda enjoyed one of his finest days in either league. He engineered a 42-28 Oilers' victory, throwing four touchdown passes, kicking six extra points and scoring one six-pointer himself. George dominated practically the entire game as he helped the Oilers to a 34-21 halftime lead with touchdown passes of 12, 11 and eight yards to halfback Bill Groman.

The old pro put the finishing touches to his big afternoon — and finally gave his regards to old Broadway — when he kept the ball on a keeper play to cap the Oilers' offensive show and square a few personal scores.

...

You'd Want to Forget, Too!

Below is the aftermath of one of the greatest tragi-comic moments in football. Roy Riegels (holding his head) had just made a wrong-way 64-yard run in the 1929 Rose Bowl game between California and Georgia Tech. He was tackled on his own 1-yard line by a California teammate. Play led to safety and an 8-7 win by Georgia Tech.

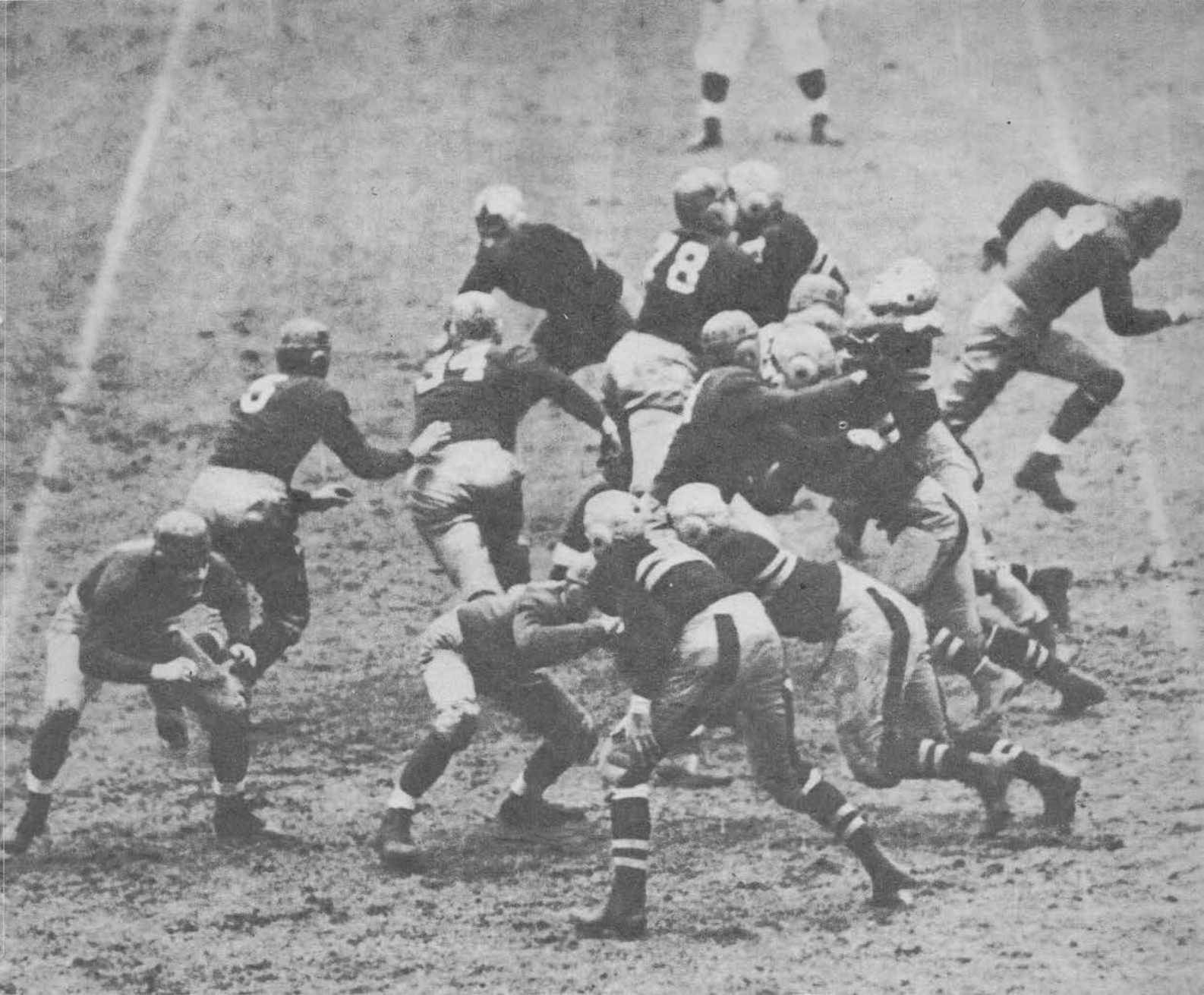


"Big Man" on the field this day was Army's Red Cagle (below). Yet, Booth (right) was soon to steal his thunder, as he faked a lateral and began to run down the field.



ALBIE BOOTH: THE GRENADE THAT ROCKED ARMY

It didn't take the pint-sized back long to knock the smirks off the West Pointers' faces.



THERE'S that midget again," said the New Yorker in the raccoon coat.

"I saw him play a couple of weeks ago. He's not so bad but one of these days some big tackle is going to hit him so hard he'll switch to checkers," replied his friend in an identical raccoon number.

"Today might be the day. Look at that Army team. They must weigh 300 pounds each on the hoof. I hope that kid stays out of the game."

"Hmm I doubt it. Yale is in a bad way after last week. They beat Brown but got murdered themselves, and at least three guys are laid up. Five will get you ten the midget makes the game."

"What's his name again?"

"Albie Booth. Goodbye Albie!"

And then the two Broadway sportsmen who found it so fashionable to take in Ivy League football games during the 1920s, drifted to their seats in the stands to watch the Black Knights from West Point take on the Elis.

Down on the field the pint-sized halfback was practicing imaginary drop kicks. Though only a sophomore, there was a very good chance he might play today since Harold Cruickshank, Yale's second-string fullback and best dropkicker, had a badly bruised shoulder.

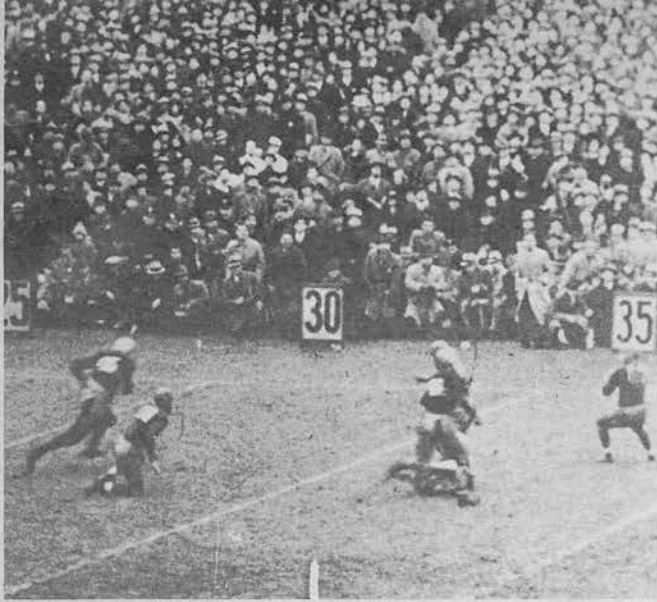
A third-string fullback walked over to him.

"Hey, Albie. Those Army guys sure are giving us the business. They want to know who Little Boy Blue is. That's you. They're saying they didn't expect to play against a high school team today. Imagine that!"

The little guy just laughed.

"What are they worrying about? I probably won't even get in the game, although I sure would like to. My mother is in the stands today and it's her first game. I sure would like her to see me play. Well, maybe next year."

Across the field the brawny, confident and heavily favored Army team, lead by the fabulous Chris Cagle, was going through some light warm-up



Before darting through the Army defense, Albie (top) stops as if to pass. By posing with Yale captain, Firpo Green (below), Booth reveals his unusually short stature. He did not let it hamper his play.



calisthenics. To Army, this was just another warm-up game prior to the big one against Navy.

Why shouldn't the Cadets be confident? They were unbeaten in four games . . . although tied by Harvard . . . and had walloped Old Eli, 18-6, the year before. This year . . . 1929 . . . could be their best. Especially with Cagle.

The referees in their zebra-striped shirts finally signalled for the kickoff. Yale sent in a patchwork eleven to face the Black Knights.

Starting left tackle Frank Marting was out with a foot injury. Dan Hickock, starting left end, was nursing a badly twisted right knee and Bob Hall replaced Cruickshank at quarterback. It figures to be a slaughter.

Meanwhile the little guy from the other side of the New Haven tracks sat on the bench, watching. Maybe, he thought, I might just get in for one or two plays, just to show my mother a little guy could play against bruisers and not get hurt. And maybe, if I'm lucky, I might just do something special, something so she could be proud of her Albie. Maybe.

Sure, he has a reputation as a fair basketball and baseball player but football . . . that's where I want to make it big, he thought. There's room for little guys and even though I'm only five foot six inches, well, maybe I could outrun the giants. I'm pretty fast, probably because I'm only 147 pounds . . . but what the heck . . . there's always room for a good little man. Even in football.

And maybe if I make it big, he continued, I won't have to wait on tables, not that that bothers me. Seems everybody is waiting on tables these days. Depression, damn depression, I wish it was over. Maybe if I make some sort of name I could get a job after hours to pay my tuition. Sure would help my mother, God bless her.

Football . . . it's got to be football, he thought. Everybody loves a football hero. Would they love a pint-sized football hero, he wondered.

The gun jolted him from his lethargy and he and 80,000 other people in the over-spilling Yale Bowl watched the Black Knights receive. They looked awesome and the crowd gasped as Cagle took the ball back to Yale territory.

"Safest bet we ever made in the world," the first Broadway sportsman told his flask-toting friend. "Figuring what it cost us for tickets, train fare and other incidentals, we ought to clear enough to take in Florida for a couple or three weeks."

"C'mon you Army guys," the other sportsman yelled. "We're with you all the way."

Army tried four ground plays, hoping to batter the thin Blue line for a quick touchdown. If they didn't get one now, well, touchdowns would come easier later on. After all, how much could those kids take?

Yale took it on the chin, but the line gave up only tiny yardage as it continually repelled the husky Black Knight ball carriers. Then it was Yale's ball on their own 25, a bad situation. What if they fumbled?

Hall elected to carry. He got nowhere as he tried a right end sneak and was thrown for a three yard loss. Breaking out of the huddle quickly for a second try, the quarterback handed off to the right half-

back who sneaked over left end. He was brought down, hard, and Yale lost another five yards. Now the Elis were desperate. It's up to Hall . . . he's calling the signals. It's his decision. What to do?

Yale coach Mal Stevens was up on the sidelines now. He was calling out encouragement to his boys, though not interfering in anyway with Hall's decision. Get out of that hole, boys. Get out of there, he yelled.

The tiny guy on the bench watched Hall's perfect aerial spin neatly through the air and into the waiting arms of . . . Cagle, the Army terror. It was an interception and everyone in the stands was on his or her feet watching and yelling as the Black Knight back eluded Yale tacklers for 45 yards and a touchdown. He was brilliant, Cagle was, with a grand demonstration of speed and strength as he shook off the two or three Yale boys who hit him.

"Money in the bank," said the first Broadway sportsman to his friend.

"So, who's worrying?" replied his friend.

Cagle kicked the extra point to give the Cadets a comfortable 7-0 lead. On the basis of what happened so quickly, more was to come. The only question was: How much more?

Yet no more came in the first period. Call them inspired . . . gutty . . . brave . . . call them anything, but Yale held. At the end of the period the Cadets knew Old Eli was going to be rough today. They fought back . . . a few times putting the Cadets in their own territory, a somewhat embarrassing position. But the Cadets were not to be denied for long.

The little guy on the bench voiced his fear at the start of the second period.

"Our guys are great." Booth said to the third-string fullback. "I only hope they don't tire. They're taking an awful pounding."

"They'll never give up, Albie. Never. C'mon, you guys."

Booth knew they would never give up. Lose? Maybe, but surrender . . . never. He ached to play . . . but what chance has a small guy got today?

Late in the second period Army struck again. The touchdowns were starting to come now . . . after a long tough fight. But they're coming now, the crowd thought. The Cadets are too big, too tough, too everything. Yale will be beaten worse than last year.

After an awesome battering by the Cadets . . . and after an awesome display of heroics . . . the Yale line opened up and Murrell slipped through. He outraced boneweary Eli tacklers for 35 yards and scampered across for a touchdown. Expert blocking, especially a key one by Cagle over the last 10 yards, paved the way. The extra point try by Murrell missed so it was Cadets 13, Yale 0. It could have been much more except for the tenacity of the brave Yale team.

The little guy on the Yale bench was dead. His mother would never see him play today, that's for sure now. He figures the only strategy now is to try and keep the score down and you can't blame the coach for not sending in a boy to do a man's job.

He figured wrong, of course.

"Go in for Hall, he's dog tired," Stevens yelled. The third-stringer got up. "Not you, I'm talking to Booth."

Surprised, shocked, pleased, exhilarated . . . Albie

was all those as he pulled on his helmet. I may not last long but at least my mother will see me on the field.

There were the usual cries of derision as he trotted out to the huddle. But Booth is used to them. Small guys brush those things off quickly after the initial hurt. He held his head high as he reached his teammates.

"Hey, look at Little Boy Blue. The Yales are sending that kid in," the first Broadway sportsman yelled.

"What's his name again?" the other asked.

"I don't know."

Why Stevens picked him, Booth didn't know. What he did know that he would do his best. Small he was in size, twice as big he was in courage.

Stuck 13-0 and with only a half remaining in the game, touchdowns were the only cure. Yale and glory . . . that's what counted.

He received the lateral from the center and took off. At first he was comical, this wisp of a man running down midfield, tacklers twice as big soaring past him in mid air as they missed. Five . . . ten . . . twenty yards and he escaped them all. Even the great Cagle who took a shot at him just before Little Boy Blue scored. He travelled 32 yards, cheered all the way, to cut the deficit to 13-6.

Little Boy Blue made it 13-7 with an accurate extra point.

Nip and tuck they fought . . . Army's Red Cagle and Yale's Albie Booth . . . the rest of the day. Cagle got nowhere the rest of the game. He tried 11 passes, completed only two as the little man brought Yale back from the brink of death.

Albie's short, chunky legs tore up the Yale Bowl for 35 more yards in the third quarter to put Old Eli ahead. Murrell and Cagle both had cracks at him as he raced down the sidelines in a brilliant display of broken-field generalship. Neither could touch him. Albie stopped, let a tackler stumble past him, and then proceeded over his outstretched body to score.

Another accurate extra point made it Yale 14, Army 13 and pandemonium reigned in Yale Bowl.

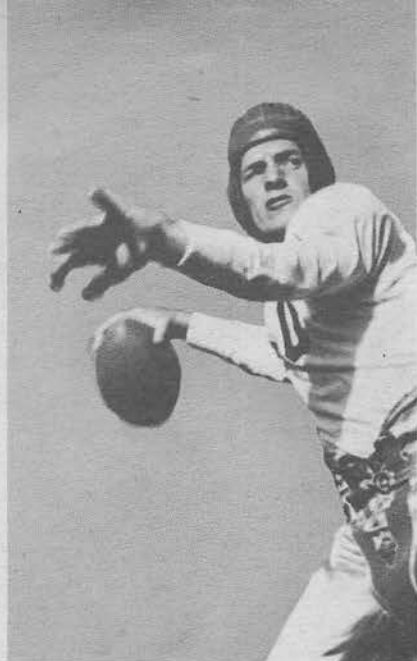
"Who is this guy?" the crowd asked. "Where'd he come from?" A proud woman in the stands knew the answer but was too choked up to reply.

More was coming.

Alive and vibrant now, Yale threw back anything the Cadets cooked up. Their line held; Army's didn't. The Black Knights were completely demoralized by this little mosquito who was stinging them into a humiliating defeat.

Albie was happy and put the icing on the cake in the final period. Did you ever try to run 65 yards in a football uniform? Try it some day with 200-pound giants crashing into you or holding you by the waist. Albie did it . . . grunting as he was hit . . . blinking his eyes with pain . . . spitting out blood . . . but always going forward for Yale and glory. Sixty-five yards, battered and cheered every foot of the way by a spellbound . . . and grateful . . . Yale throng.

Exhausted . . . but too thrilled to notice it . . . Albie kicked the extra point. It ended: Booth 21, Army 13.



The Bench Warmer Who Got Too Hot For Duke

Never in the history of the Rose Bowl did a fourth-stringer get such an opportunity for glory—and Doyle Nave of U.S.C. made the most of it!

HAPPY NEW YEAR, Doyle . . . and how's your head?" asked the line coach.

"Happy New Year, coach. My head's fine," replied the fourth-string back. "Not that it matters much. I'll probably sit out this game, too."

"You can never tell, kid. A Rose Bowl game isn't like playing any ordinary game. This is the sort of game where anything is liable to happen and who knows . . ."

"Well, I wouldn't bet on it. After all I've been riding the bench for two years now and I still haven't got my varsity letter. And with this bandage on my forehead, I doubt very much if Coach Jones will use me. Especially against a rough team like Duke. Man those guys are big!"

The fourth-stringer sitting on the bench in Pasadena's Rose Bowl was Doyle Nave, this New Year's Day in 1939, when unbeaten, untied and unscored upon Duke came roaring out of the East to take on the University of Southern California.

The dudes from over the mountains entertained the packed crowd of over 90,000 by running up and down the sidelines, their muscular legs pumping like pistons. And who was leading the Blue Devils? None other than Eric (The Red) Tipton, a magician with a football. Tipton was billed as Mr. Football, a triple-threat scoring demon who could run, pass and block as though he faced no opposition.

And the fourth-stringer sat and watched the giants. Damn, but he was clumsy, he told himself. Imagine tripping in the shower and gashing his forehead. Two days before the game, too. Well the docs stitched it pretty good and maybe I'll get in for a couple of plays anyway, he hoped.

It was a bleak, overcast day as the pre-game festivities ended and the rival coaches met midfield to wish each other luck.

Southern California's head mentor, Howard Jones, wanted this one badly. This was the first time in six years USC was back in the Bowl business, although it was not his first try for the Roses. The Cardinal and Gold had been in four previous Rose Bowl games, won 'em all, with Jones directing three of the victories.

Still, it wasn't a bad season he reflected. My kids got us here with two great wins over California and Notre Dame, so I guess I can't kick too much. Now if we could stretch our luck just a little bit more and upset Wade's team . . .

He was referring to his rival, Wallace Wade, Duke coach who molded the Blue Devils into the finest defensive team in the country. And Wade was no stranger to Rose Bowl competition. He won two out of three of these things when he was masterminding at Alabama. Jitters? He had none. Why should he? Duke was a 2 to 1 favorite and he was holding all the aces.

They met, accompanied by their respective team captains and wished each other "the best of" and then returned to their benches.

Fourth-stringer Nave watched the proceedings and tried to cover his bandaged forehead as Jones sat alongside him.

And then USC kicked to Duke.

For three quarters it was a defensive dead heat. Duke ripped and tore into the Trojan line continually but USC refused to buckle. Eric the Red was magnificent as time after time he picked himself off the cement-like turf, bruised, sometimes bloody, only to hit the line again. But he could not break through.

The Easterners were embarrassed. What happened to their awesome power? Tipton was supposed to be a steamroller. He's flattened no one today. Maybe the much-publicized Duke reserves were overpriced? And what about the other parts of the Million-Dollar backfield? Spangler . . . Eaves . . . and O'Mara? They're nothing, the partisan crowd buzzed.

But they were . . . they were. Quarterback Spangler was tremendous, only every time he tried to pass a Trojan sneaked in and brought him down. Left halfback Eaves ran into a brick wall when he carried. And fullback O'Mara was helpless when he

tried to sneak around end or pass. From somewhere . . . who knows where? . . . a Trojan blocked his path.

And the fourth-string quarterback with the fair reputation as an aerial artist sat on the Southern California bench eating his heart out. Oh, how Doyle Nave wanted to play. But how could he when quarterback Grenville Lansdell was performing like Horatio at the Bridge, John Paul Jones and Superman?

Lansdell had the Trojans believing in themselves. He convinced his platoon the Iron Dukes were made of clay. He ran, he passed, he wiped the blood from his nose every time he was brought down hard, and he practically begged his crew to hold. And the Trojans did.

For sheer courage and tenacity, for rock-like determination, no two teams could match what went on at Pasadena this day. This was football . . . give and take . . . and no quarters asked.

And the fourth-string quarterback who hadn't won

In the game's closing seconds, USC end Al Krueger snares Nave's pass in TD zone. Duke's Tipton looks about to cry.



his varsity letter yet sat on the Southern California bench, hoping and waiting, as he had down for two years. He wanted to rush over to his coach and plead: "Give me a chance, coach. I'm ready." But he couldn't. That's only done in the movies. Besides, Howard Jones knows his men . . . "and I'm only a fourth-stringer," Doyle Nave thought.

The clock ticked off the minutes. Only three remained in the fourth quarter and the 1939 Rose Bowl would end in a tie. Neither team had anything to be ashamed of. People started to leave their seats to beat the rush to the parking lots.

Then came the breakthrough.

Tipton engineered it. His 23-yard pass to end George McAfee culminated a drive that brought the Iron Duke to Southern Cal's 15. The early-bird homegoers in the crowd rushed back to their seats. They didn't want to miss the kill.

With the ball on the 15 Duke coach Wade called for the right play. He sent in place-kicking specialist Tony Ruffa, to get the three big points and win the game for dear old Duke. To the everlasting credit of those California fans not a sound was heard during this tense situation.

Ruffa set his sights and the 40-yard boot was good. The three points looked like 300.

And the fourth-stringer bowed his bandaged head on the Southern California bench.

The hands on the clock started to click off the seconds rapidly. But the Trojans refused to crack up. If they were to lose, they were to lose as fighters, not quitters.

With approximately two minutes remaining, USC got a break. Duke safety man Bob Spangler fumbled a Trojan punt and Phil Gaspar recovered for USC to put the ball on Duke's 10. Two quick plunges convinced the Trojans the Iron Dukes were not made of clay so they tried a field goal, hoping for a tie.

The crowd groaned as Gaspar's boot from 23 yards out was low and wide.

And the fourth-string quarterback on the USC bench hunched his shoulders forward, his head low, thinking it was all over now. Yet, there were a few seconds left . . . maybe. But that only happens in the movies.

Eric the Red Tipton, a hero, booted to the Trojans 39. Lansdell, another hero, though seemingly on the losing side, started the drive back that put the Trojans in Duke territory. He picked up three more yards and Bob Peoples added another. Lansdell grabbed seven more yards of precious real estate to set up a first down on the Duke 48.

Again Lansdell carried and he was good for five more. Al Krueger went around end for four more and Lansdell fired a short pass to Peoples for five yards to reach the Duke 35.

In short Lansdell was simply magnificent. But the long, hard day had taken its toll. He was tired, painfully tired. He had done well, engineering a 61-yard march that could turn a 3-0 defeat into victory, or at least a tie if coach Jones decided to play it safe. The crowd thundered its approval as Lansdell limped off the field.

And the fourth-string quarterback was among the first to greet the hero as he returned to the bench, beaten and worn. "You were great, Gren. Simply great," the sub said.

Seconds remained now. What would Jones do? Would he gamble?

"Nave," he barked. "Go in and bring us home."

The fourth-stringer looked at his coach. No, he didn't look, he stared. He was sure he hadn't heard correctly. Not in two years had he heard his name called. Why should it be now, especially when a giant is needed.

"Nave," Jones barked again. "Go out and win your letter."

Miraculously Nave came out of the fog but a penalty for too many time outs put the ball back to the 40. Still, it only took one and the strategy was apparent. Jones was gambling on Doyle's passing ability. He wasn't to be appeased with a tie. Victory at all costs . . . and it was up to a fourth-string quarterback. Was the man insane?

Fading far back to avoid Duke's rushing guards, Nave went to work. He hit Antelope Al Krueger with his first pass and it was good for 14 yards. The clock ticked.

Again, the Nave-to-Krueger play connected this time for 10. The crowd was practically hysterical as the big handle on the clock neared the large O. Nave's third straight bullet pass to Krueger was good . . . only an Iron Duke got through and tossed Al for a two-yard loss.

Moans, groans and silence from the stands as Nave took the flip from the center drifted back and spotted Antelope Al alone in the end zone 18 yards away. He fired.

"Don't drop it Al . . . Let it be good . . ." He didn't see the actual touchdown because three Iron Dukes smeared him to the ground. But he knew . . . he knew. The roars from 90,000 hoarse throats told him. It was touchdown and University of Southern California 6, Duke 3.

What followed was anti-climactic. Gaspar kicked the extra point but very few people saw it. All eyes were on the fourth-string quarterback.

Still, five seconds remained, enough for the boulder-like Iron Dukes to pull it out. Make no mistake, they tried. How they tried to prevent this disastrous blot on their unblemished record.

Eric the Red Tipton took the kickoff but the inspired Trojans beat him back for a 12-yard loss. On Tipton's final play of a mammoth performance he tossed a long one to Bailey that carried Duke into Trojan territory. But it was too late.

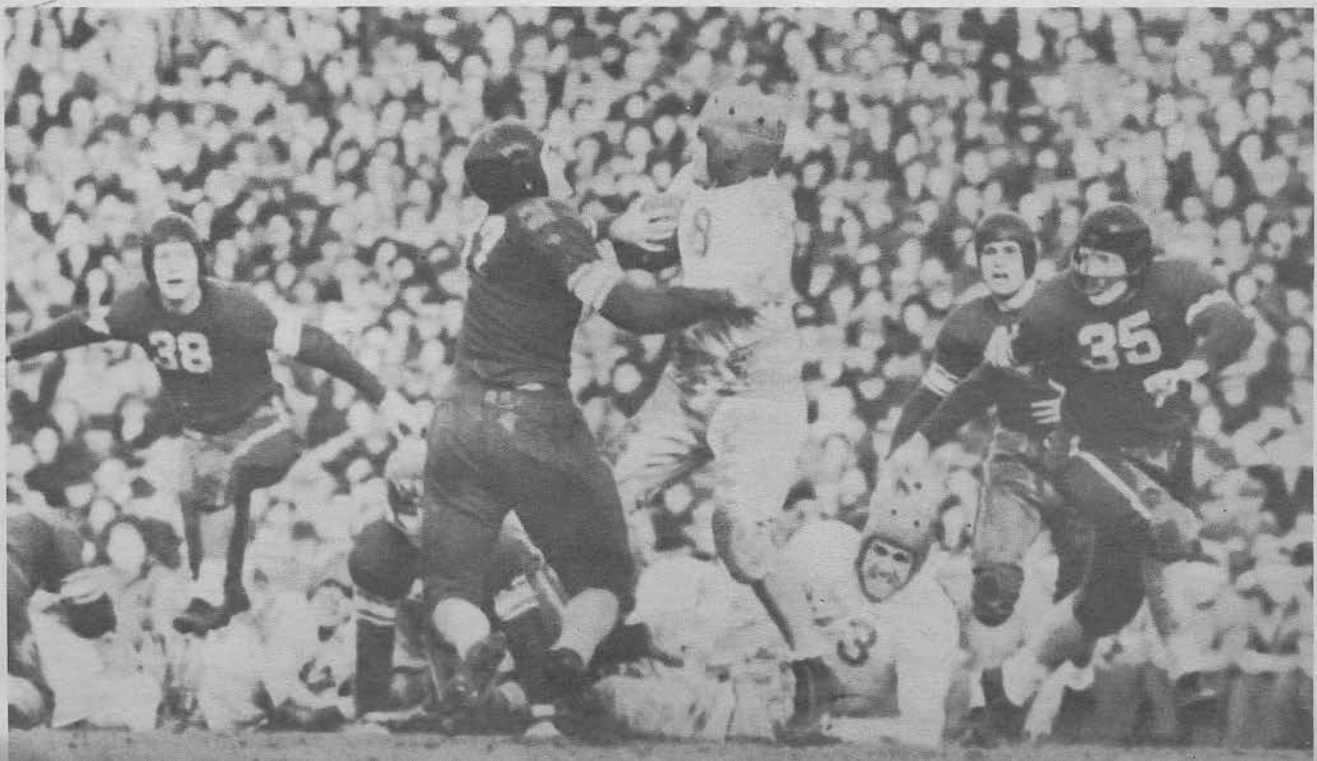
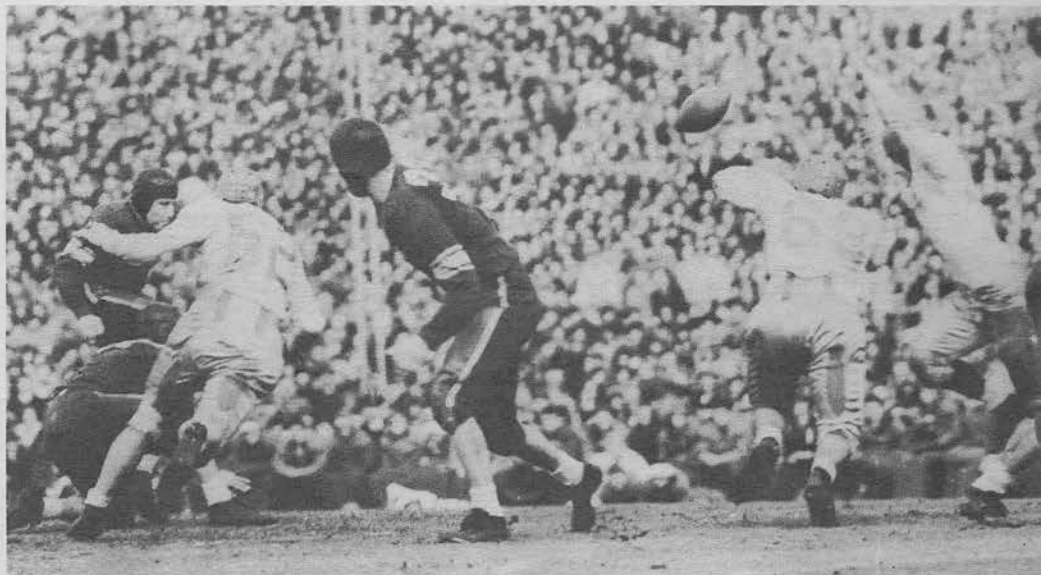
Time finally ran out and the gun sounded, signalling a mad surge by USC fans towards the Duke goalposts. Never before had a Trojan team made such a comeback.

Lansdell . . . Krueger . . . and Tipton . . . and Ruffa had their moments of glory . . . and they deserved them. But that bleak, overcast day in 1939 at Pasadena belonged to Nave.

The fourth-string quarterback had finally won his letter. That day he could have worn the entire alphabet.



Behind two blockers Anderson of USC (top) could make only a short gain as Tipton comes up for the tackle. Duke goes ahead 3-0 as Tony Ruffa (right) boots one. Before Nave went in, USC's offense was led by Lansdell, shown below making a slashing 24-yard advance.



On Nov. 14, 1943, 56,681 fans in the Polo Grounds saw the Bears set six NFL records against the Giants. It proved to be. . .

THE AFTERNOON LUCKMAN COULDN'T DO WRONG

IT IS a widely-held superstition that to honor an athlete with awards before a game will jinx him, causing his normally sterling performance to grow leaden with ineptitude.

Many in the throng of 56,681 at the Polo Grounds on November 14, 1943, the largest crowd to see a National Football League game during that wartime year probably were thinking of that adage as speakers trooped to the microphone to pay tribute to one Sidney Luckman.

First came representatives of Luckman's "home town"—the much-maligned, much-beloved Borough of Brooklyn. On behalf of the proud citizens of that sensitive metropolis, David F. Soden presented an award to husky, curly-haired Luckman, the boy from Brooklyn who had become the star quarterback of the Chicago Bears.

The United States was at war—Adolf Hitler held Europe in an iron grip, D-Day in France still was seven months ahead in the uncertain future, and fittingly, the award to Luckman took the form of a \$1,000 U. S. War Bond.

That gift was matched by another \$1,000 War Bond presented to Luckman by his Bear teammates with Luckman's understudy, Bob Snyder, doing the oratorical honors.

The crowd roared its approval of every flattering



thing said about Luckman, for this was a New York City crowd paying tribute to a kid from the sidewalks—a kid who rose above hardships to become a celebrated success strictly on his own merits.

That Luckman wore a Chicago uniform, and was about to assault New York's own Giants meant nothing to that crowd. For, in a sense, in hailing Luckman they were shouting proudly so that all the world could hear: "Look! See what a city boy can do if he really tries!"

There is no denying that Luckman had much to overcome—in similar circumstances many a city youth has turned his feet onto the ever-downward path of violence.

But Sid Luckman had too much character for that.

There was no fancy prep school for Luckman, no rural high school surrounded by sun-kissed fields of wheat. Instead he attended and played football for Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn, whose Gothic-styled buildings are set bizarrely near the teeming corner of Flatbush and Church Avenues.

After that came Columbia University, which is something of a phenomenon among Ivy League colleges. Like its sister institutions of that learned league, Columbia is rich in educational prowess and tradition. But Columbia is a city-type college which lacks the so-called swank of Yale, Harvard Prince-

ton and Dartmouth.

Columbia had many things including—a gravel-voiced master football technician, teacher, and psychologist named Lou Little. Though Columbia is a vast university its athletic teams may draw only from one tiny unit, Columbia College, and Little always was faced with small squads.

Little, however was a genius at "making do" with small resources, at developing the few boys he had into top-flight players. In his hands Sid Luckman of Brooklyn became a polished quarterback.

Years later owner George Halas recalled the time that Luckman first caught his covetous eye.

"Sid had said he wasn't going to play pro football after he graduated from Columbia," Halas said. "But I went down to see him in one game. I was looking for a tailback, but when I saw him with Columbia, playing Cornell in the rain I knew I had the quarterback I wanted. And we got him."

Luckman joined the Bears in 1939 to start a 12-year career that was destined to rewrite the N.F.L. record book—and even, in fact, to change the appearance of the game of football itself. With Luckman at the helm, the T-formation came into its own with the Bears and became the dominant offense system in the game.

It is not widely known that Luckman also had a



major role in making the T-formation dominant in college football.

"When we decided to put in the 'T' at Notre Dame, I spent many hours with Luckman," said Frank Leahy, former coach of the Fighting Irish. "His advice was invaluable in enabling us to switch over. He spent a lot of time with our team and our quarterbacks."

One of those quarterbacks, incidentally was Johnny Lujack, who several years later was destined to succeed Luckman as the Bears' signal-caller.

During the 1939 season, Halas Luckman, and Clark Shaughnessy, Halas' assistant who was the strategic genius behind the T-formation, worked at installing the new system. It paid off in super Bear teams in 1941, '41 and '42.

During those campaigns, Luckman staged many a field day and achieved ranking as a full-fledged star. The only question then was whether he or Sammy Baugh of the Washington Redskins would rank as the game's top passer.

But all of the "field days" put on by Luckman previously were to fade in comparison with what happened on that afternoon of November 14, 1943 when the pre-game speechmaking was over and Luckman led the undefeated, once-tried Bears onto the Polo Grounds turf against the Giants.

This was a mighty Bear team, indeed. In the center of the line were scholarly, rampaging Danny Fortmann and the 300-pound George Musso at guards and the brilliant Clyde (Bulldog) Turner at center. Jim Benton and George Wilson topped a star array of ends. In the backfield with Luckman were speedy Harry Clark and Dante Magnani at halfbacks and hard-crashing Gary Famiglietti at fullback.

But the Giants were tough, too. Up front they had the great Mel Hein at center with Frank Cope, Lenny Younce, and Al Blozis, who was destined for a hero's death in the war, all in the line.

A strong Giant team—but fated on this November day to suffer the worst defeat in Giant history.

Certainly no one could have foretold that fate from the opening action in the game. Clark ran back Ward Cuff's kickoff 18 yards. Luckman missed his first pass of the day, then nailed Clark with his second, Clark running 18 more yards for a total of 30 on the play.

But that threat fizzled, and so did another Bear drive a few moments later—both times with holding penalties proving expensive.

It was midway in the first period when the sky-rockets began to go off. The first explosion was a 19-yard pass from Luckman to Benton, who scooted 35 yards down the sideline until Hein bumped him out of bounds on the Giant 8. In three downs the Bears gained only four yards—but on fourth down Luckman rifled a pass to Benton in the "coffin corner" for the first touchdown. Snyder kicked the extra point and it was Bears 7, Giants 0.

Luckman struck again on the final play of the first quarter. He recalled later that "the boys gave me perfect protection that the Giants couldn't have penetrated with a case of dynamite." Behind a stone wall thrown up by Fortmann, Turner, Musso, Magnani and Famiglietti, Luckman took the ball from center on his own 46, faded back and sent a looping

Luckman keeps his passing magic alive (see preceding page) by running with the ball himself for 22 yards. Right, he gets hugs from McAfee (center) and McLean.



lead pass downfield.

Connie Berry snared it on the dead run on the Giant 28 and outraced defender Emery Nix to the goal line. Snyder again converted and the Bears led, 14-0.

Even so, a hard, close battle appeared to be shaping up, for the undaunted Giants immediately fought their way back into the ball game with a 73-yard touchdown drive. The march consumed 3 minutes and 45 seconds after the opening kickoff in the second quarter and ended when Carl Kinscherf slammed over from the one-foot line. The big play in the drive was a 31-yard gain by Cuff on an off-tackle play that ran over, of all people, the great but overage Bronko Nagurski, who was filling in as a war-time sub on the Bears. Cuff converted and it was Bears 14, Giants 7.

But what seemed a promising start actually was the end of the Giant offense for the afternoon. From then on, it was all Luckman's show and he made the most off it.

The Bears came back from the Giant score with a touchdown drive of their own, this one covering 89 yards. It was fourth down and 20 to go when Luckman circled back and then hit Hampton Pool with a 27-yard touchdown pass, his third of the afternoon. Snyder converted it was 21-7.

Still the Bears rolled on and next came a real oddity—a touchdown in which Luckman did NOT figure. It was the only one on this day of glory that Sid did not account for, and it came on a four-yard sprint by Clark at the end of a 60-yard drive that featured a 30-yard run around left end by Magnani. Snyder's fourth conversion made the score: Bears 28, Giants 7, at halftime.

The second half was sheer amazement, as Luckman performed one spectacular passing feat after another. His magnificence so overwhelmed the crowd that they rooted hard for the Bears to heap more humiliation on the hometown Giants.

Luckman later was lavish in his praise of his teammates. The linemen, he said, "gave me rockwall protection."



"I just threw the ball, and always there was a Bear around to catch it," Sid explained. "They all seemed to have glued fingers that afternoon."

It took the Bears only 215 of the third period to score their fifth touchdown. The first two minutes were consumed in driving from the Bears' 22 to the Giants' 38. On the next play, Luckman dropped back to his own 45-yard line and unleashed a towering throw downfield.

Just as the ball seemed about to strike the goal posts—55 yards on the fly from Luckman's arm—Clark made a sensational catch for the TD. Snyder converted, and the score was 35-7.

But the Giants' weren't quitting on this day, any more than any other day. Cope recalled later that "watch charm guard" Charley Avedisian kept exhorting his mates to "hold on—we can still beat 'em." Cuff cut loose with a stunning 45-yard run, but the drive petered out and the Bears began driving again.

Luckman came out of the game then, presumably for the rest of the afternoon. The Bears were looking at the scoreboard, watching that the also unbeaten Redskins—whom the Bears would meet the following week—were marching behind Baugh toward a 42-20 victory over the Detroit Lions at Washington.

Only three weeks before, Baugh had set a record of six touchdown passes in a single game. Baugh was only one short of that now, and the fans pleaded for him to try to break it. "We want Luckman," roared the stands, over and over again.

Co-coach Luke Johnsos of the Bears was operating from the press box that day with a direct phone to co-coach Hunk Anderson on the bench. Johnsos phoned Anderson and told him about the record possibility—and Luckman was sent back into the game.

The Bears' seventh touchdown came early in the fourth quarter when Tuffy Leemans, the Giants' rugged little back, fumbled and Famiglietti recovered on the Giant 31. Luckman threw three straight completed passes, the last three yards to

Wilson for the TD that tied Baugh's record, Snyder's boot made it 49-7.

The Giants were determined there wasn't going to be a new record set against them and they mounted a steady drive.

But the Bears were just as determined to get that ball to give Luckman one more chance for a new record. Finally the Bears halted the Giants and took over on the Chicago 20.

Luckman, who had been sitting on the bench for a few minutes while the Bears were on defense, was sent rushing back in.

Anderson's orders were plain and simple—nothing but passes.

The Giants knew what was coming—every one of the 56,681 in the stands knew what was coming. The crowd was on its feet in a rising tumult as the ball was snapped.

Luckman faded toward his own goal line as Giant defenders scattered to pick up potential receivers. No matter—Luckman hit his man anyway, a 15-yard toss to Ray McLean who ran another 25 yards to the Giant 40. A second pass was complete but failed to gain.

And now Luckman was fading back again, his bevy of strongmen throwing an iron guard in front. Receiver Hampton Pool was on the Giant 3, with two defenders hawking him. Luckman arched a long floater with the Luckman "trademark," pin-point accuracy. For just a second Pool and the two Giants battled for position under the ball.

And then Pool had it and went staggering the three more yards before toppling into the end zone.

Luckman had set an all-time record of seven touchdown passes in a single game.

In fact, there were broken records all over the field when the gun banged and the scoreboard read: Bears 56, Giants 7.

All told the Bears had set six single-game NFL Records. They were:

1. Seven touchdown passes by one man (Luckman).
2. Yards gained by one team—702.
3. Touchdown passes by one club—7.
4. Yards gained passing by one player—Luckman 453.
5. Yards gained passing by one club—508 (Snyder gained 55 in passes completed as Luckman's sub).
6. Extra points by one player—Snyder 8.

The Bears' 56 points were only eight short of the then existing NFL record.

And Luckman's seven TD passes gave him 23 for the season, putting him only one behind the season record of 24 held by Cecil Isbell—a mark Luckman erased before the season was over.

Luckman had passed 30 times and completed a stunning 23.

In the huge crowd that thrilled to Luckman's feats on the greatest single day of his career was the varsity team from Army. The Cadets were there to pick up pointers on the T-information from watching the Bears. In the group were a couple of players, as yet unknown to the sports world, named Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard.

Could be they learned a lot from "Sid Luckman Day" at the old Polo Grounds.

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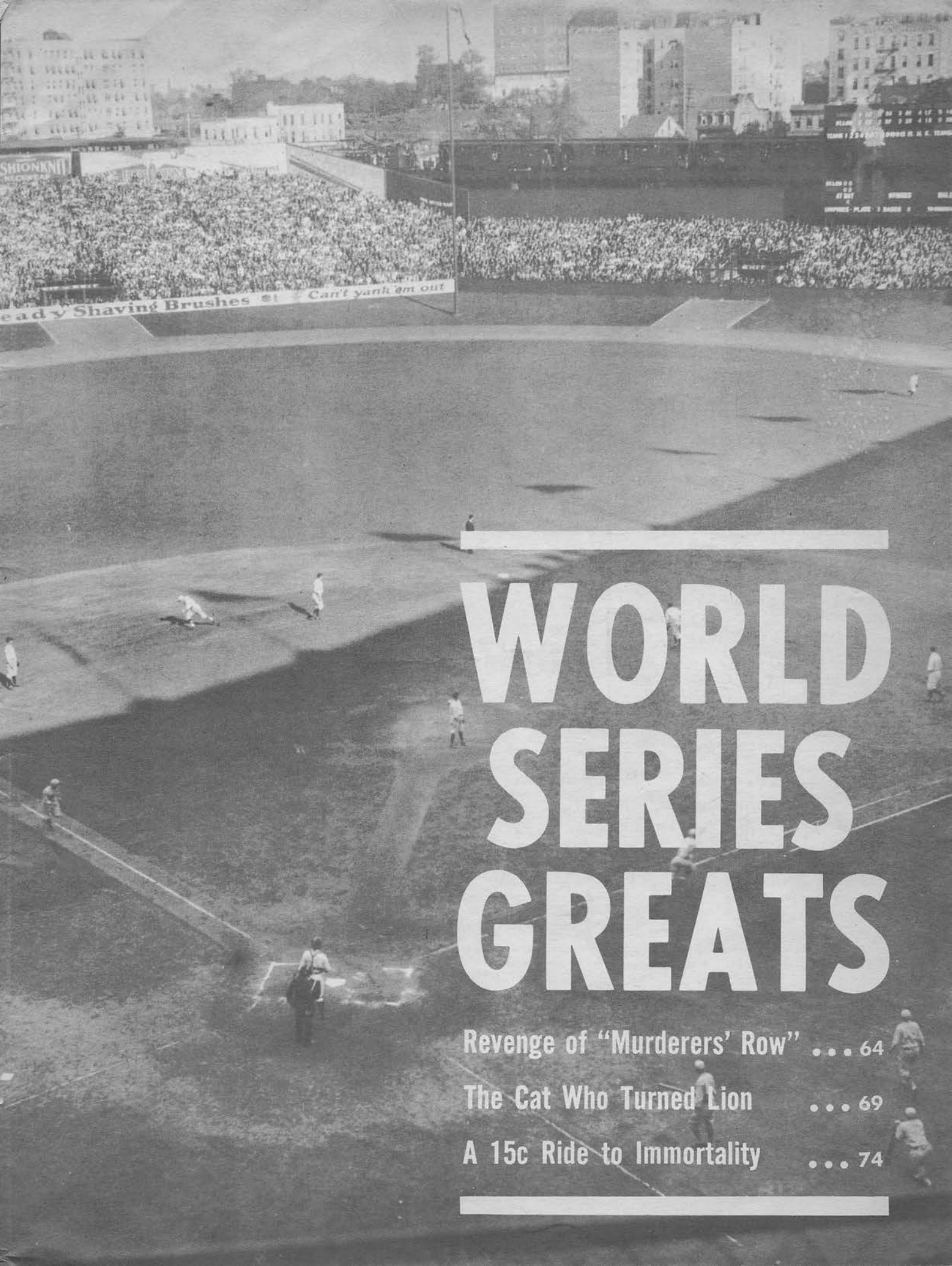
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WORLD SERIES GREATS

Revenge of "Murderers' Row" ... 64

The Cat Who Turned Lion ... 69

A 15c Ride to Immortality ... 74



Despite a lame ankle, Babe clouted .625 for a record.

New York Yankees-- Revenge of

It was two years since the Cardinals had

THE NEW YORK YANKEES have turned many golden pages of world series history but for awesome power and ruthless efficiency their performance in 1928 stands out as one of the supreme achievements of baseball's annual classic.

It is a chapter in Yankee history aptly titled, "The Vengeance of Murderers' Row" and it was a vengeance that was so devastating and so complete that it left the entire sports world stunned.

Looking back, it is hard to believe that the famed Yankees of the 1926, 1927 and 1928 era could go into a world series as anything but favorites. These were perhaps the greatest powerhouses of all time. Call the roll of the great Yankee heroes and the team of 1926-27-28 responds with the names of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bob Meusel, Tony Lazzeri, Jumping Joe Dugan, Earl Combs, George Pipgras, Wilcy Moore, Waite Hoyt and Herb Pennock.

This was the golden era of sports in America. It was an era in which heroes were cast in an epic mold. America and the rest of the world were at play and sports fans wanted their idols painted in the idealized and romantic word pictures.

If ever a ball club in all the ages of sport could live up to such an ideal it was the Yankees of 1926, 1927 and 1928.

Here they were in all their glory—the hardest-hitting, hardest-living, hardest-talking baseball team ever to take the field. Managed by Miller Huggins, an elfin-sized pilot whose players towered six to 10 inches over him and out-weighed him by 50 to 80 pounds, they were, on the diamond, led by the swaggering, Babe and his muscular cronies. They roared through the league, demolishing ball clubs by day and night clubs by night, hammering rival pitchers in a way they never had been hammered before, stamping out the old concept of the single-bunt-steal offense in baseball and creating the new era of the slim tapered bat and the home run offense.

Great they all were—but none greater than the Man himself.

George Herman (Babe) Ruth, in 1928, was the undisputed sports idol of America. It was a fact, as he himself pointed out to a writer traveling with the

Yankees, that he was being paid more than the president of the United States. It was a fact he explained by pointing out, "I did have a better year than he did last year, at that." The world was the Babe's oyster and he made the most of it.

And why not? Never before to the American sports fan had there been such a story as that of the one-time orphan from Baltimore, the incorrigible kid whose titanic bat was writing a whole new set of baseball records undreamed of by previous generations. To Ruth, it was all a lark. Nothing seemed impossible to him or to the Yankees.

Ruth, a great pitcher with the Boston Red Sox, had been purchased by the Yankees after the 1919 season. At the time the Yankees were running a poor second to the New York Giants in the battle for New York baseball patronage. But the arrival of Ruth quickly changed the situation. The game had been rocked by the infamous "Black Sox Scandal" of the 1919 world series and big league owners were casting about for a new style thrill that could take the fans' minds off the "thrown world series" and create a new confidence in the game.

Ruth's hitting turned out to be just what the major league moguls wanted—and just what the public wanted.

Converted into an outfielder by Ed Barrow, famed Yankee general manager and the man most responsible for the early success of the Bombers, Ruth began to hit homers as they never had been hit before. He had hit a record total of 29 for the Red Sox in 1919 but in 1920, his first with the Yankees, he boosted that total to an amazing 54. In 1921, the Bambino increased the figure still more—this time to a staggering 59 and with it came the first in the long line of Yankee pennants.

The juggernaut was temporarily stalled when the Yankees lost the 1921 and 1922 world series to the hated Giants but in 1923 came 41 more Ruth homers, another Yankee pennant and finally victory over the Giants and the first of the Bombers' world championship triumphs. More would follow—under Huggins, Joe McCarthy and Casey Stengel—until in 1961 the Yankees would show the astonishing record of having won 25 American League pennants and 18 world championships in a mere 40 years.

The construction of Yankee Stadium seemed to be the peak of Ruth's career. It was aptly named the "House that Ruth built" because there was no question that the spinning turnstiles of those who came to see the wonder homer hitter had paid for the massive, 70,000-seat-capacity monument of steel and stone.

But there was more to come—plenty more. Throw out the nightmare year of 1925 when Ruth's batting average fell off to .290 and the Yankees plunged

"Murderers' Row"

upset the Yankees, defeating them in seven games.

into seventh place. Back came Ruth with 47 homers in 1926, and another pennant waved over Yankee Stadium. And then 1927, the year of years for Ruth and the Yankees. This was the year that the Bambino made his run on his own homer record as the baseball world cheered him on. And sure enough on the next to the last day of the season Ruth connected against Tom Zachary. When the ball sailed into the right field stands at the Stadium he had surpassed his own mark of 59 and set upon baseball's books its most famous record right down to the present day—60 homers in one season.

The Yankees had swept over the Pittsburgh Pirates in four straight games as a final flourish to that 1927 season and there wasn't the slightest doubt in any expert's mind that they would win the American League pennant when they started spring training in 1928. There were the whole cast of heroes back, headed by Ruth, and then there was one more—a huge, muscular first-baseman named Lou Gehrig.

It was almost as if the fates were determined to play cruel jokes on the Yankees' American League rivals. They already were the most feared club in baseball. With Ruth to lead them they were the hardest hitting team in history. And then in 1927 came the crushing blow—the addition of a slugger second in awesome power only to Ruth himself.

Lou Gehrig, the quiet hero, was a product of the sidewalks of New York, a quiet but smiling mass of muscle who stood about 6 feet, 1 inch and weighed about 210 pounds. Discovered by Paul Krichell, most famous of all the Yankee scouts, he had been given his chance to play first base one day in 1925 when Wally Pipp asked "to sit one out because I have a headache." The big kid played that day and he was to go on to play 2,129 more games consecutively to set a record for consistency, reliability and durability that earned him the nickname "Iron Horse" and established a record that is almost certain to endure as long as the game is played.

Gehrig hit .295 in 1925 and he lifted that mark to .313 in 1926. And then it was 1927 with Gehrig complementing Ruth in a way that struck fear into the hearts of every Yankee rival. It was the year that Ruth whacked his 60 homers and hit .356 but also the year in which Gehrig hit 47 homers and batted .373.

How, then, could it be that in early October, 1928 the St. Louis Cardinals could be favored over a Yankee team that had just won its third consecutive pennant . . . a team for which Ruth had hammered out 54 home runs while batting .323 and for which Gehrig had blasted 27 homers while batting .374?

There were two reasons: (1) The Yankees were physically weakened by injuries to key players and had barely squeaked through to the pennant; and

(2) these were essentially the same Cardinals who had whipped the Yankees four games to three, in the 1926 world series.

The Yankees started the 1928 season as if they might even surpass their record-setting performance of 110 victories in 1927. At one stage of the race they led by 17 games. But two factors combined to cut deeply into that massive lead. Lazzeri, Combs, Dugan, Penneck and Moore all developed one ailment or another and in mid-summer the team began to sag. At the same time Connie Mack decided to break up his "old team" headed by Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker in the outfield, and to build a new team with his youngsters. As the Yankees slipped, the Athletics began to come on. The A's kept winning . . . winning . . . winning . . . cutting slowly but surely into that huge 17-game lead until at last they actually threatened the Yankees' hold on first place.

The climactic struggles in the long grind came on September 9, 11 and 12 when the Yankees stopped the Athletics, 5-0, 7-3 and 5-3 before losing a 4-3 decision. The three victories in four games in the crucial series threw off the challenge of the Athletics, although the Yankees' final winning margin in the race was only 2½ games. Thus, the Yankees, for all their tremendous power and for all the fact that Ruth and Gehrig were healthy did appear to be something of a question mark when the 1928 world series rolled around.

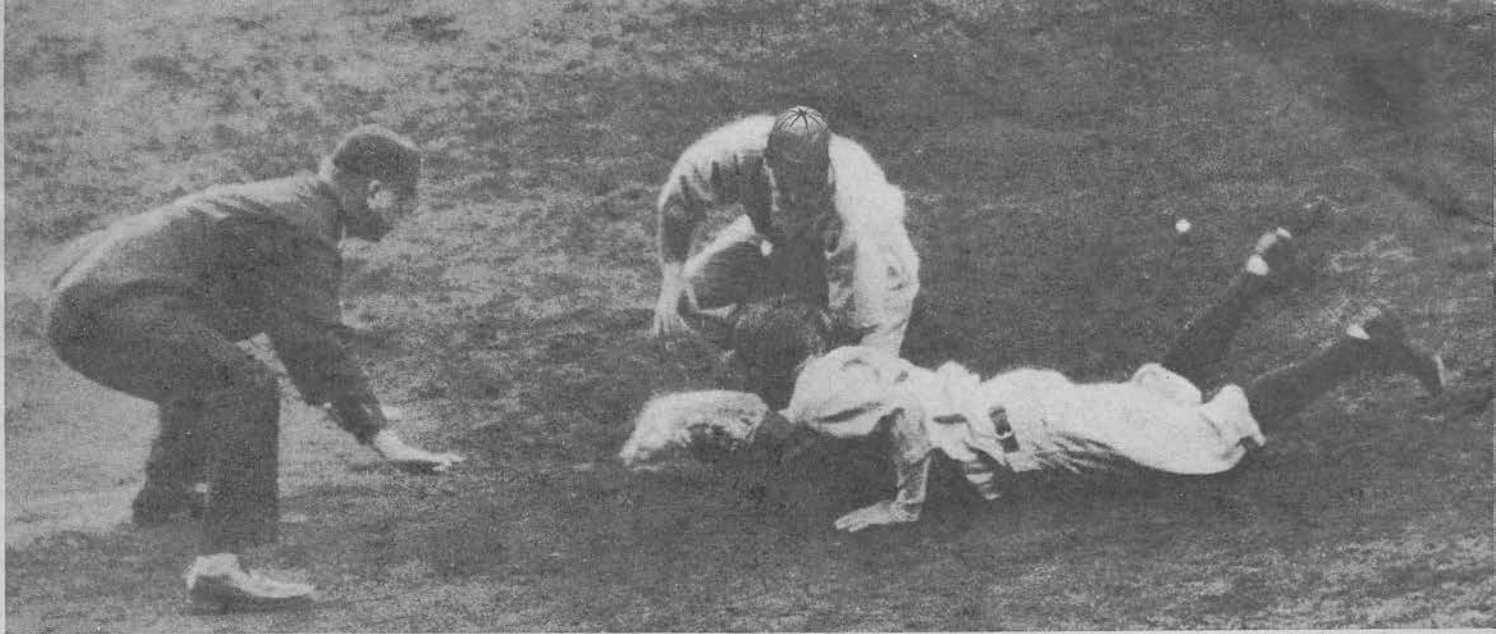
And, of course, the 1928 Cardinals were a team that was not to be laughed off—even by the mighty Yankees in perfect health.

Hall of Famers Frank Frisch and Rabbit Maranville formed a top double play and the corners of the infield were manned by third-baseman Andy High and hard-hitting first-baseman Sunny Jim Bottomley. Chick Hafey and Taylor Douthitt were the stars of the outfield and the pitching staff was headed by Bill Sherdel, a 21-game winner, Jesse Haines, who was 20-8 for the 1928 season, and, of course Grover Cleveland Alexander, and the hero of the 1926 world series.

As the teams prepared to meet in the 1928 classic there is no doubt it was the memory of the seventh



Gehrig walked 6 times, got 6 hits (including 4 HRs).



game of the 1926 series that was uppermost in the minds of the experts and the players. It was a scene which to this day remains one of the greatest in series history. The Yankees challenging in the seventh inning of the final game and the Cardinals calling old Grover Cleveland Alexander out of the bullpen to face the ever-dangerous Lazzeri.

It had reached its climax when Alexander struck out Lazzeri and then shut out the Yankees for the final two innings to bring St. Louis its first world championship in history.

And now essentially those same Cardinals were back in 1928. Only this time the Yankees were out for revenge.

The curtain went up on Act 1 on October 4 in New York's Yankee Stadium where a capacity crowd gathered to see Hoyt face Sherdel. It was a clear, sunny day and the beautiful stadium was decorated with red, white and blue pennants and bunting.

Hoyt retired the Cardinals in the first inning and Sherdel whisked past the first two batters in the Yankee first. Then came the menacing figure of Ruth with the equally-menacing figure of Gehrig waiting in the on-deck circle. The crowd roared and the Babe responded with a line drive that caromed off the right-field bleacher wall for a double. Sherdel shook his head and prepared to pitch to the big Dutchman—Gehrig. Lou took a strike and then met the next pitch with tremendous force. It was a screaming line drive into the right field corner—a double—and Ruth was over the plate to put the Yankees in front, 1-0.

Sherdel recovered and retired the Yankees without a run in the second and third innings, but then it was the fourth inning and there, once more, stood Ruth at the plate. The crack of the bat and it was another line drive up the right center field alley for Ruth's second double of the game. Gehrig was out but "Murderers' Row" was not finished yet. Meusel promptly whacked an outside pitch deep into the right field stands and the Yankees were ahead, 3-0.

The Cardinals scored their only run off Hoyt in the seventh inning but Ruth, Koenig and Gehrig singled in succession to produce the Yankees' fourth run in the eighth inning and wind up a 4-1 triumph.

The Yankees had made only seven hits—but Ruth had made three in four trips to the plate and Gehrig had made two in four tries.

For Act 2, October 5, at Yankee Stadium, Huggins nominated Pipgras to pitch for the Yankees and Manager Bill McKechnie countered with the sentimental choice—Alexander. Here was the man who had hurled back the Yankees in the crucial moments of the 1926 classic, and St. Louis fans and many experts were convinced that he could do it again in 1928.

They did not have long to wait before they realized how wrong they were!

Cedric Durst, filling in for Combs in center field, opened the Yankee first with a sharp single to right field. Mark Koenig fouled out and Alexander, working too carefully, walked Ruth and brought Gehrig to the plate with two on and one out. Big Lou looked over his canny rival's curve ball and then put everything into a terrific swing.

There wasn't the slightest question in anybody's mind where the ball was going. It rose in a towering arc straight toward the right centerfield bleachers. And that's where it landed, 10 rows deep, for a home run that sent the Yankees off to a rousing 3-0 lead.

The Cards might have been in over their heads in this world series but there was no "quit" in them. Maranville singled home two runs and Lazzeri, playing with an arm that hurt like a toothache every time he threw, committed an error that let in a third Cardinal run. It was 3-3 and the Cardinals definitely were back in the game.

But not for long. A walk, a sacrifice and Durst's single gave the Yankees a 4-3 edge in the bottom of the second and then it was the third inning with the heart of "Murderers' Row" leading off. Ruth cracked a single to center field and Gehrig walked. Meusel doubled deep into the left field corner and Ruth was over the plate. Another walk, a single by Benny Bengough and the rout was on. Off the mound trudged a weary Alexander and up on the scoreboard went four big runs to make it Yankees 8, Cardinals 3.

The Yankees added an insurance run in the seventh inning and roared off with a 9-3 victory that sent them two games ahead and sent the Cardi-

nals reeling back to their St. Louis home with their backs to the wall. The experts were astonished. But they warned that the Cardinals were too good a team to lose four straight games and that they would bounce back on their home grounds.

Act 3, October 7, took place at Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, with Zachary on the mound for the Yankees and Haines pitching for the Cardinals. The

Lazzeri's base running (left) did much to unnerve Card pitchers. Before series began Yank owner Jacob Ruppert, shown (center) with Ruth and Meusel was confident his team would gain revenge. Grover Cleveland Alexander (below), who humbled the Yankees twice in 1926, found his offerings severely bombed.



Cardinals whisked off a 2-0 lead in the very first inning on a two-run double by Bottomley. Haines, a tough old curveball pitcher, looked brilliant in retiring the Yankees 1-2-3 in the first inning.

Gehrig, first up in the Yankee second, took a strike and then connected. It was a tremendous drive—high and far to right center field—and the pro-St. Louis crowd gasped as the ball cleared the corner of the right field pavilion roof and disappeared from sight. The enormously powerful Yankee first baseman had hit the ball completely out of Sportsman's Park. The crowd settled back and waited.

It came again in the fourth inning—that sheer, overwhelming power that crushed everything in its path and left the fans dumb-founded.

This time Koenig led off with a single and was forced by Ruth. It was Gehrig again and Haines pitched outside to try to keep Lou from pulling the ball. The crack of the bat meeting ball could be heard in the most remote corner of the stadium. It was a screaming, smoking line drive to center field. Centerfielder Douthit waited to take the ball on one bounce but the rocketing pellet hit the brick-like outfield of Spotsman's Park and bounced high over the centerfielder's head. On and on it rolled as Douthit ran it down in the far reaches of the outfield. It was an inside-the-park homer, Gehrig's second round-tripper of the game and the Yanks were in front, 3-2.

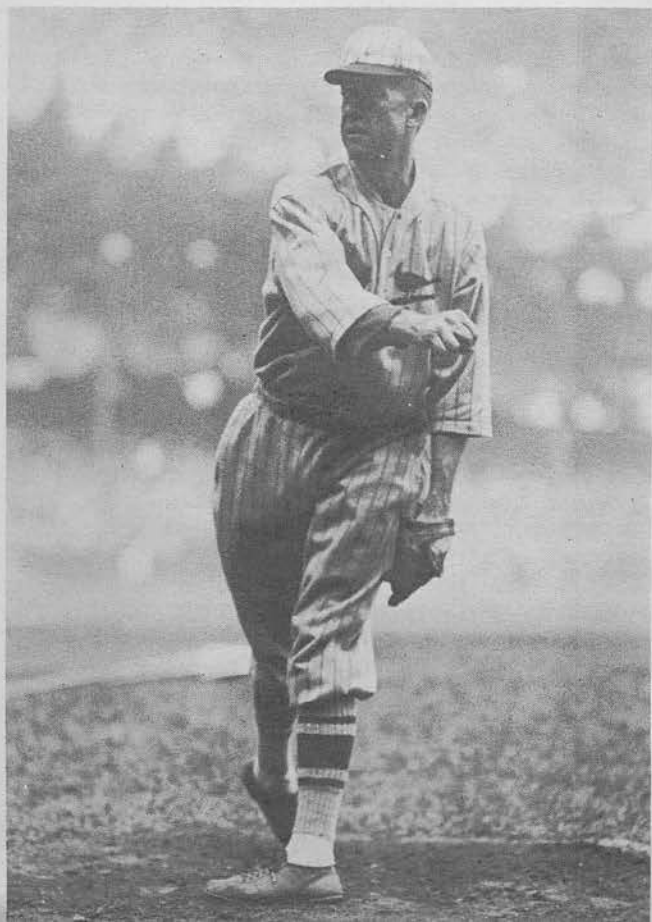
Back came the Cardinals with a game-tying run in the fifth but now it was the sixth inning. Koenig opened with a single to left and was forced by Ruth. Gehrig walked. Meusel hit to High at third and he threw to second forcing Gehrig. But Frisch's relay was wild past first and Ruth headed around third base for the plate with the potential tie-breaking run. Bottomley retrieved the ball and threw so that Ruth and the ball reached the plate at the same moment.

With a terrific lunge Ruth hurled himself into Catcher Jimmy Wilson and the ball skittered wildly out of reach. The panic was on. A walk, a double steal and a single and three runs were in. The Yankees led, 6-3, and an icing run in the seventh made the final score, 7-3.

For Act 4, October 9, at St. Louis, McKechnie had no choice but to start Sherdel, and Huggins countered with Hoyt. The crowd was still pulling for St. Louis but it had a feeling of apprehension.

The Cardinals tapped Hoyt for a run in the third inning but the fans groaned in the top of the fourth when Ruth lofted a tremendous homer onto the roof of the right field stands. Even a run that put the Cardinals ahead 2-1, in the bottom of the fourth couldn't change the fans' feeling. The powder keg exploded in the seventh inning.

The count on Ruth was one ball and two strikes when Sherdel slipped over a pitch. The Cardinals, led by Captain Frisch, claimed it was strike three but Umpire Joe Pfirman ruled that it was a "quick pitch" by Sherdel. It then developed that the controversial "quick pitch" had been ruled out of the series in a secret agreement between the teams and Ruth was not out at all. He had another chance to hit.



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When series moved to St. Louis, hopes of Cards' fans were dashed by Gehrig's two four-baggers. Frank Frisch (below) was a new face to the New Yorkers.



On the next pitch he sent the ball to the edge of the right field pavilion for his second homer of the game. The score was tied. Next up, Gehrig got his bulk behind a fast ball and sent the pellet soaring toward right field. Even longer than Ruth's, it sailed—high onto the roof of the right field pavilion, and, on one bounce into the street behind the right field stands.

The Yankees led, 3-2. Meusel singled, Lazzeri doubled and Combs, making his only appearance of the series, hit a sacrifice fly four runs were in and the Yankees led, 5-3. The effect of the Yankee attack was like a cyclone but it wasn't over. Durst, leading off the eighth inning, homered to right field and then it was Ruth.

Only the Babe ever had hit three homers in one world series game—in 1926—and now he became the only man to do it twice when he sent another drive soaring into the right field stands. It was his longest of the three and he grinned and waved his hat to the crowd as he trotted around the bases.

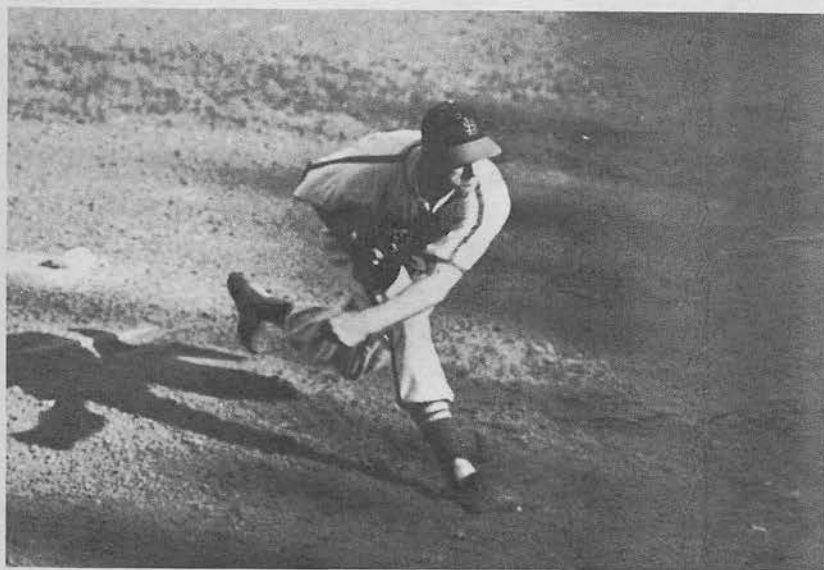
Three outs later and it was all over. The Yankees won 7-3, and completed the rout in four games, outscoring the Cardinals, 27-10, in the four games and never permitting them to score more than three runs in any game.

For Ruth and Gehrig it was the greatest of all their world series performances. Ruth hit an incredible .625 with 10 hits including three home runs, in 16 official times at bats, while Gehrig batted a rousing .515 with six hits including four homers and a double, in 11 trips to the plate.

The Cardinals were crushed. The Yankees again ruled the baseball world. The memory of 1926 was wiped out. The vengeance of Murderers' Row was complete.

Harry Brecheen--

The Cat



Who Turned Lion

Who would have thought that a pitcher with a 15-15 record could have enough stuff to still the bats of Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr and Rudy York?

SOUTHPAWS have a reputation for being a bit eccentric. But there was only one thing different about baseball's top southpaw of 1946.

Harry (The Cat) Brecheen loved to work. The more Eddie Dyer, freshman manager of the Cardinals, called him to the mound, the happier Brecheen was.

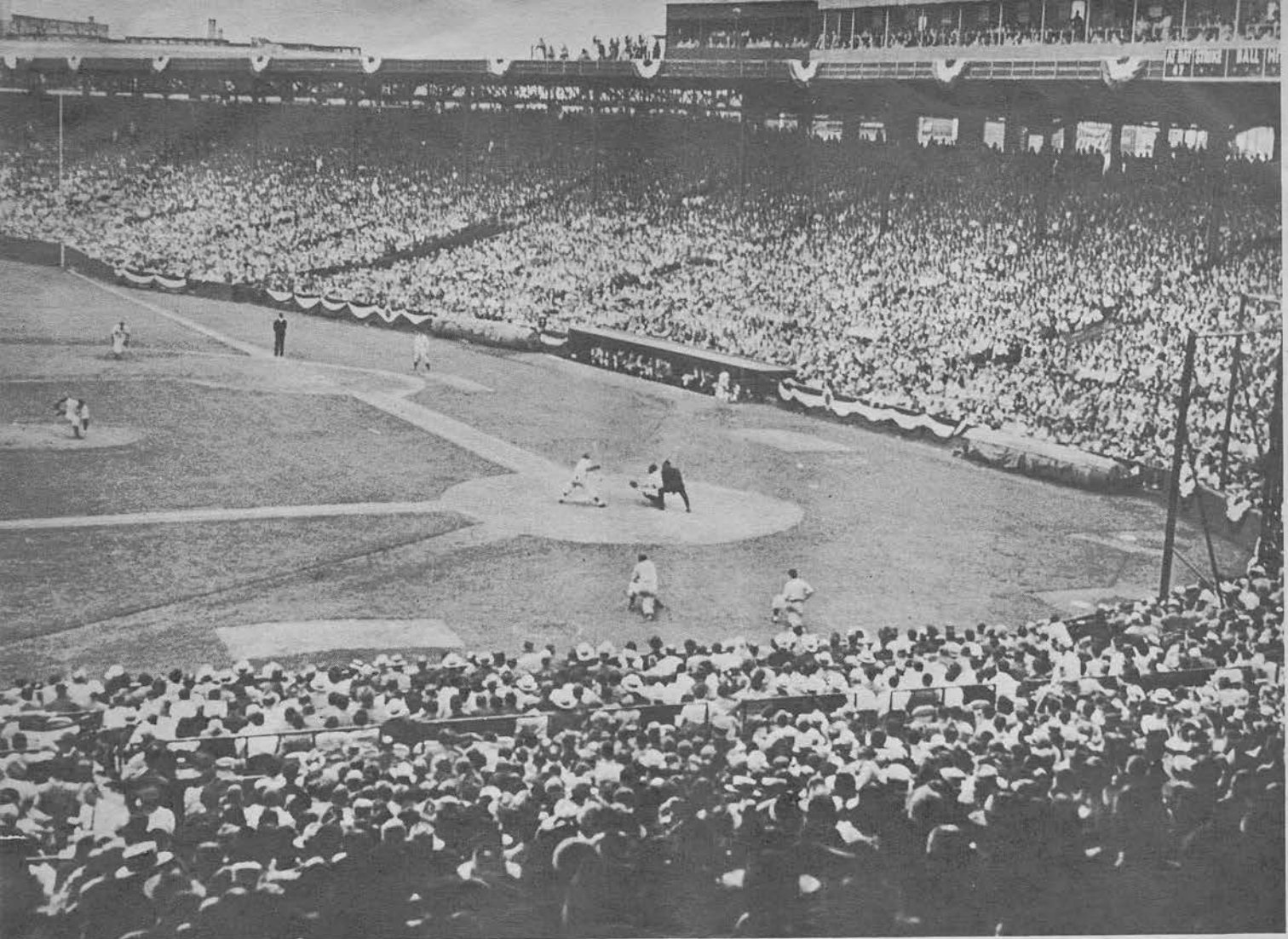
During the regular season, Brecheen, 31 and in the majors three seasons, was involved in 30 decisions. He won 15 and lost 15, pitching in a total of 231 innings in 35 games. All the work served to sharpen The Cat's claws for his more important assignments in the days following the end of the regular season . . . the days when the Cardinals had to dispose of the Brooklyn Dodgers in a playoff before earning a berth in the World Series against the Boston Red Sox, who had waltzed to the American

League championship by 17 games.

During the series, Dyer, on more than one occasion, said, "Brecheen's heart is bigger than his arm. You should have seen him one day this season in Chicago. His arm had tightened up and he couldn't have thrown a curve for a \$5,000 prize. But he insisted on working. With nothing but his fast one and the screwball, he beat the Cubs, 5-2."

As sharp and as valuable as he was during the regular season, Brecheen became the toast of the nation during the series.

Joe Cronin's Red Sox opened the fall classic as overwhelming favorites and with a lineup that boasted the great Ted Williams besides the likes of Bobby Doerr, Johnny Pesky and Dom DiMaggio. Cronin's pitching staff was led by Dave (Boo) Ferris, a 25-game winner, and Tex Hughson, who won



Brecheen had gotten the Cards even with the Red Sox by the time the series moved to Boston. Below is a reason why—5th inning error that led to two runs.

20 during the regular season.

The Bosox won the first game, 3-2, in 10 innings before 36,218 fans at St. Louis' Sportsmans Park and looked as if they were serious about sweeping the series in four games.

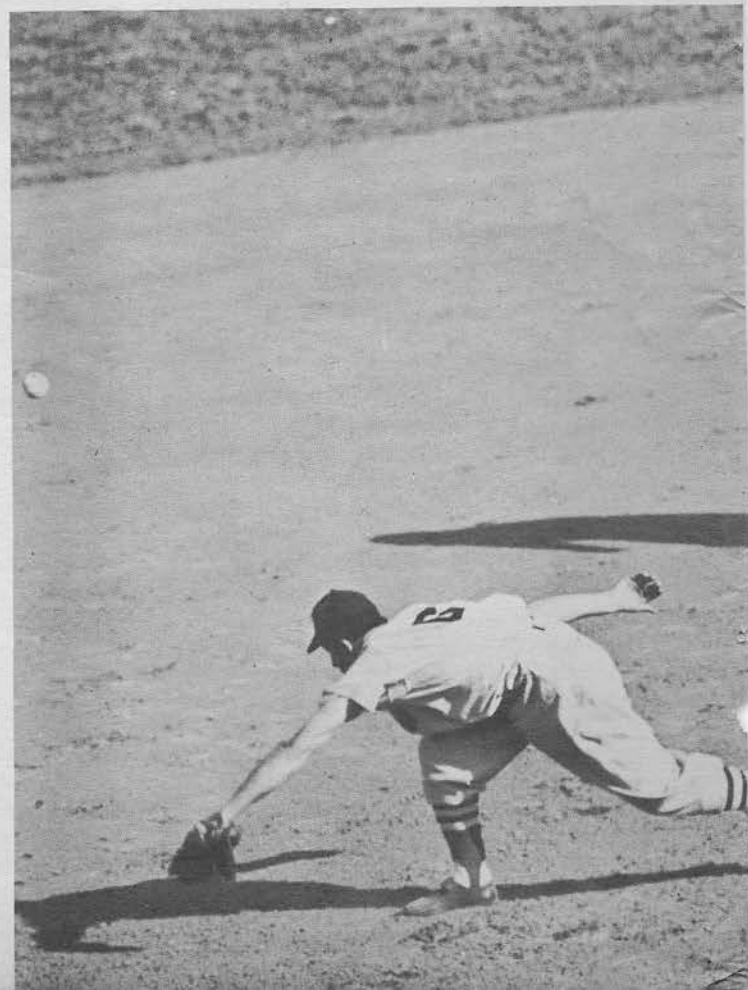
But Brecheen followed first-game pitcher Howie Pollet to the hill for the second test and held the Red Sox to four hits and no runs as the Cards scored three times to square the series.

Ferris took the third game in Fenway Park, 4-0, on a six-hitter. The Cards squared the series again at 2-2 but the Bosox won the fifth game and the all-important sixth game assignment fell on Brecheen's shoulders.

If Brecheen failed, the Bosox would wrap up their sixth world championship and keep their record of never having been beaten in a series alive.

The long season's work perhaps had started to take its toll on the slender southpaw. Several times the heavy-hitting Bosox threatened to break the game wide open.

For example, the Red Sox had Brecheen on the ropes as early as the first inning. With one out, Johnny Pesky singled to center. He took second on Dom DiMaggio's single and a walk to Ted Williams filled the bases.



Dyer contemplated lifting Brecheen but the swift southpaw had proved time and again during the season that "his heart was bigger than his arm" so the manager stayed with him.

Now at the plate was Rudy York, a slugger who twice ruined the Redbirds with home runs. The Mighty York, batting against a lefty, could have driven Brecheen from the mound with a single and put the Cards in the unenviable position of having to come from behind.

A double might have given the Bosox enough runs to win and a triple or home run could have cancelled all the tickets sold for the seventh game at Sportsman's Park.

But Brecheen wasn't thinking of tomorrow. He was concerned with today. He induced York to roll a soft grounder to Whitey Kurowski who lobbed the ball to Red Schoendienst, who relayed to Stan Musial. The double play broke the back of the uprising and gave Brecheen a lift.

The Bosox rapped Brecheen for two more hits in the second inning and it appeared doubtful that he'd be around at the finish. The Cat, however, was cagey and seemed to get stronger as the game progressed. From the second inning on, he limited the American Leaguers to only three hits as he pitched the Cards into the deciding seventh game. He had finished with a seven-hitter.

Murray Dickson, who matched Brecheen's 15 victories, for the Cardinals during the regular season, got the call as Dyer's starting pitcher in the all-important seventh game.



With two out and score tied in 8th inning of 7th game, Slaughter scores from first on Walker's hit to left. Startled shortstop Pesky held ball too long.

Although he had pitched nine innings only the day before Brecheen was in the bullpen. There was no sense saving him for the future. There's no tomorrow in the seventh game of a World Series.

The Cards held a 3-1 lead going into the top of the eighth inning and it looked as if Dickson would be the one to put the finishing touches to the Bosox.

But pinch hitter Glen Russell opened the eighth by tagging Dickson for a solid single. Russell raced to third when George Metkovich, also a pinchhitter, rifled a double.

With the tying runs on the bases, Dyer decided to lift Dickson. As he strolled to the mound he couldn't help thinking, "Should I use The Cat, who is probably dead-tired, or should I use one of the fresher pitchers?"

Actually it was a fleeting thought that just crossed Dyer's mind. He had to go with Brecheen. He had to go with the guy who got the Cards into the seventh game.

The Cat took the mound and the 36,143 fans who jammed every corner of Sportsman's Park let him know how they felt. Regardless of how he did today, they appreciated his heroic performances in the first six games of the series. They knew their hometown Cards would never have gotten this far if Brecheen hadn't pitched them there.

And The Cat responded. He got Wally Moses on strikes and Johnny Pesky on a short fly ball to Enos Slaughter. Brecheen had gotten two quick outs but there were still two men on base and the dangerous Dom DiMaggio at the plate.

Dom took the first pitch. A strike. The second was a low screwball. Ball two was low and inside. Ball three was outside. DiMaggio represented the winning run and Brecheen had no intention of letting up on him with Ted Williams on deck.

But Dom slapped a double off the right center-field wall to tie the game and give Williams a chance to break it up. The Thumper fouled one off the finger of catcher Joe Garagiola. And Joe had to be replaced by Del Rice. A chance to catch his breath was what Brecheen needed. After Rice went behind the plate, Brecheen got Williams on a pop up to



Schoendienst in short right.

Brecheen was out of the jam and the Cards went ahead, 4-3, in the bottom of the eighth when Enos Slaughter scored from first on Harry Walker's double.

Now the Cards had the margin they needed but there were still some dangerous Boston batters to be disposed of before the Cardinals could start raising their World Championship flag.

York picked out a 1-1 pitch to open the Boston ninth with a single. With Paul Campbell running for York, Doerr singled and Brecheen was back in a familiar spot—in trouble with men on first and second.

Campbell took third when Doerr was forced at second on a bunt and the Sox had the tying run only 90 feet from home with the potential winning run resting on first.

The Cat took this opportunity to turn tiger. Sensing the kill, Brecheen got Roy Partee on a pop foul and made Tommy McBride hit into a forceout, ending the game and giving the Cards the world championship.

All Brecheen had done was win three of the Cardinals' four games, the first pitcher to accomplish the feat in 26 years.

Yet, reflecting on his three world series triumphs, The Cat was pretty cool. He said, "Sure, the world series games were important but the big one was the game with the Dodgers."

Maybe this is why southpaws have that "eccentric" tag. Here was Brecheen, fresh from three world series victories talking about a game he didn't even win. Brecheen, the pitcher who had allowed only one run, in three world series appearances, thought a one-inning stint against the Dodgers was more important.

"If we hadn't won that playoff with the Dodgers," Brecheen reminded, "I would never have had the chance to pitch in the series."

It made sense and Brecheen's performance in the second playoff game with the Dodgers had been an indication of the bigger and better things to come.

Dyer's Cardinals had overcome several major obstacles en route to the flag. Their best pitcher, Max Lanier, had jumped to the Mexican League. Stan

Musial and Terry Moore, established stars, were, reportedly tempted to follow Lanier.

Uncertainty had riddled the squad but Dyer put his finger in the dike. The Cards finished fast to tie the Dodgers for the pennant.

The Cards copped the first game of the playoff but it seemed only a matter of time before they would fold completely. Dickson, however, proved otherwise during the second game at Ebbets Field. Touched for a run in the first inning, he proved pretty stingy over the next seven as the Cards took an 8-1 lead.

The Flatbush Faithful weren't leaving their seats, though. They'd come to see their heroes win the National League pennant and weren't leaving until the very end.

Augie Galan opened Brooklyn's ninth inning with a double and the faithful got that old gleam in their eye. After Dixie Walker popped out, the Dodgers bunched a couple of hits and scored two runs to drive Dickson from the mound.

With the bases loaded and one out, Dyer called on The Cat. Bruce Edwards greeted Brecheen with a single to score Carl Furillo and the Dodgers were in shooting distance at 8-4.

Pinchhitter Harry Lavagetto worked Brecheen for a walk to load the bases and it started to look like they might have to start the playoff all over again tomorrow.

With the bases loaded Brecheen got Ed Stanky on a called third strike. He still had to contend with Howie Schultz, who had homered to tie the first playoff game before the Cards eventually won it.

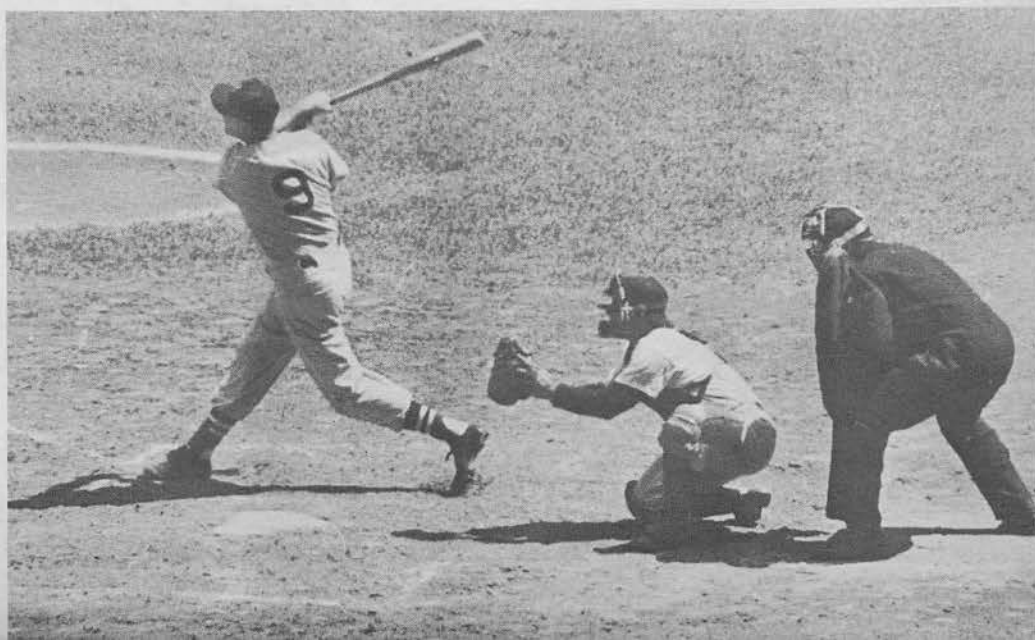
Another homer by Schultz and the Dodgers would have had at least a tie. Putting everything behind each pitch, Brecheen threw two balls before cutting the heart of the plate with a strike.

Schultz then took a third ball for a 3-1 count and Brecheen broke out in a sweat on a cool October afternoon. Schultz lashed the fifth pitch foul. He teed off on the sixth pitch. Foul again.

Brecheen made sure Schultz didn't even get a piece of the next pitch. Schultz fanned and the Cards were National League champions.

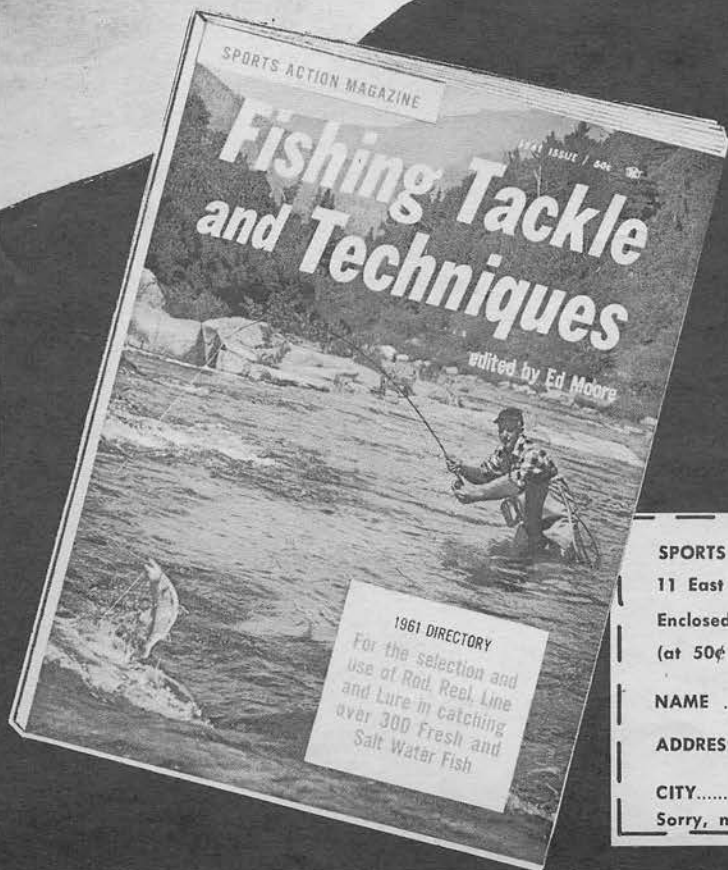
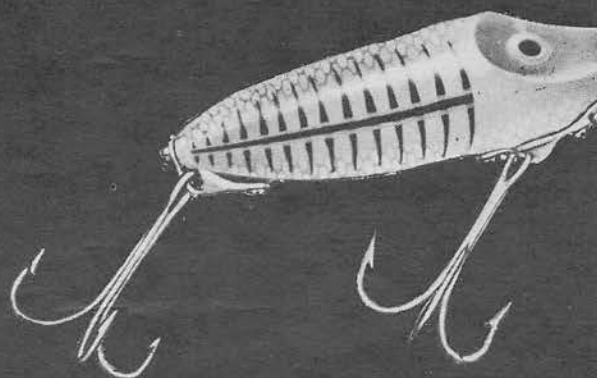
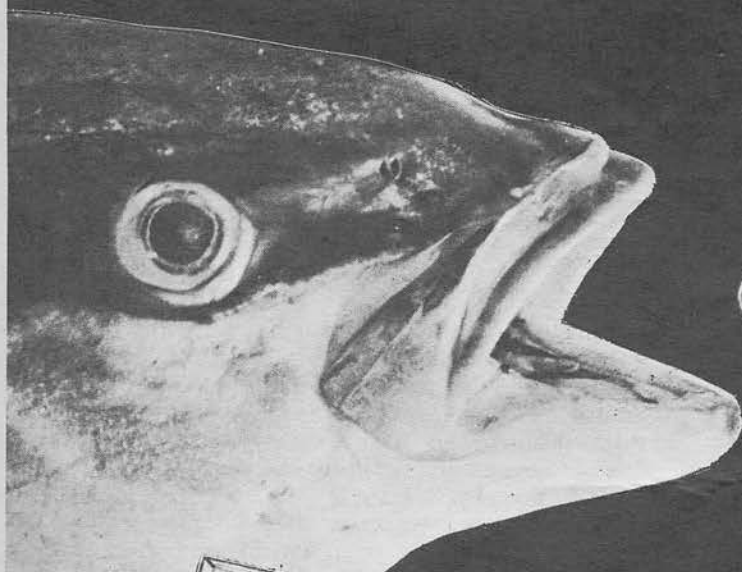
Playoff or world series, as Dyer pointed out, Brecheen had a "heart bigger than his arm."

Ted Williams proved to be the series' "goat." He batted a mere .200 against the Cards' overpulled defense, getting four singles.



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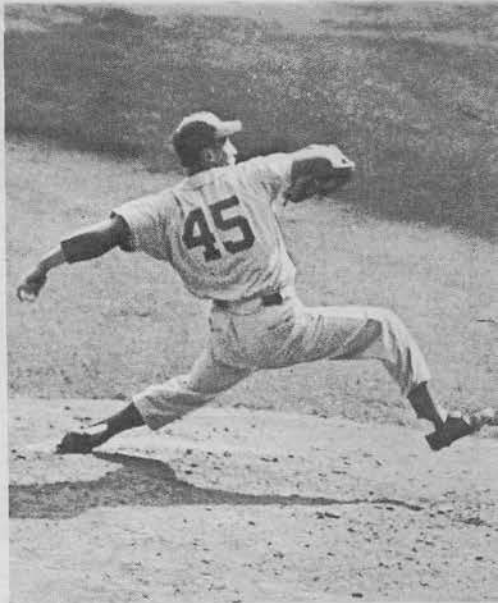
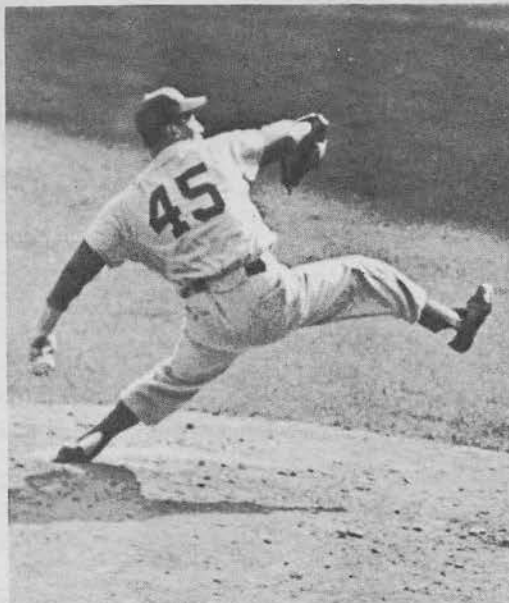
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Johnny Podres-- A 15¢ Ride To Immortality



When the young pitcher

A SUBWAY TRAIN with its cargo of human sardines rolled into the elevated 163rd Street station in the Bronx and rattled to a stop.

Wedge in the pushing, shoving throng that shouldered its way off the train and climbed the stairs to the street behind Yankee Stadium was a blond-haired, stocky youth wearing a brown sport jacket and tan trousers.

In another two hours, this young left-hander would be pitching for the Brooklyn Dodgers against the New York Yankees in the seventh and final game of the 1955 World Series. His picture had appeared in all the New York papers that morning as the guy Manager Walt Alston was counting on to hurl the Dodgers to their first world championship.

Yet Johnny Podres had completed that long, sweaty subway ride from Brooklyn to the Bronx without being recognized.

Not until Johnny neared the players' entrance at the Stadium was he even identified as a member of the Dodgers. Two youngsters—one about 12 years old and the other slightly younger—intercepted Podres and tugged at the sleeve of his jacket.

"Hey, Shuba," the younger boy said. "How about your autograph?"

The youngster had mistaken Podres for Dodger outfielder George Shuba.

Johnny quickly scribbled his name in the autograph books of both boys, who glanced at the signature and gasped.

"That was Podres, not Shuba, you dope," the older boy remarked to his companion as Johnny walked through the players' entrance, a smile creasing his youthful face.

Podres was more amused than disturbed by the young autograph seeker's error. When Shuba later entered the Dodger dressing room, Johnny related the incident to his teammate.

"Imagine any kid confusing us," Johnny said. "Hell, you're twice as ugly as I am."

The incident did serve to prove, however, that after three seasons with the Dodgers, Podres had not yet developed into a star—the type of player who is easily recognized by subway riders and autograph seekers.

When Johnny reported to the Dodgers as a 19-year-old hopeful at spring training in 1952, he was tabbed by Chuck Dressen, then the Brooks' manager, as "a kid with a future." The previous seasons—his first in organized baseball—Podres had won 21 games and lost only three with Hazard (Ky.) of the Class D Mountain States League. He had a remarkable earned-run average of 1.67 and struck out 228 men.

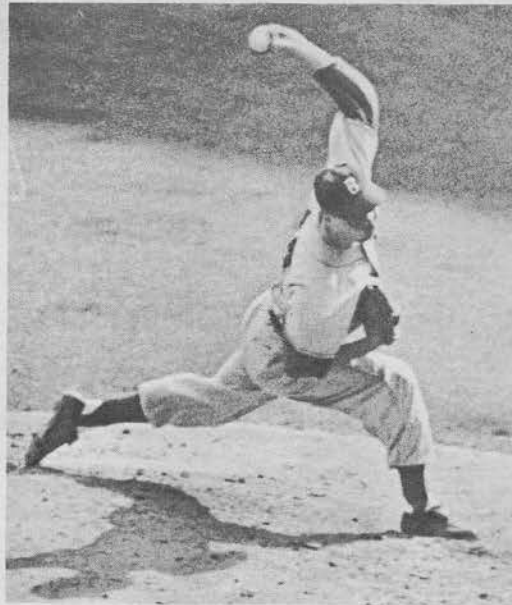
There were some in the Dodger camp that spring—including Dressen—who figured Podres might make the big jump then from Class D ball to the majors. But Johnny injured his back in an exhibition game against the Braves and was sent to Montreal of the International League before the season started.

"There were tears in Johnny's eyes when I told him he was going to Montreal," Dodger vice-president Buzzie Bavasi recalls. "I asked him if he had expected to stay with the club and he said yes. So I told him he'd have to work harder than ever with Montreal."

Dressen offered Podres the same advice in that spring of 1952.

"When he left for Montreal," says Chuck, "I told Johnny all he had to do was produce there and he'd be back with the Dodgers soon enough."

But Alston, the Montreal manager that year, wound up with a badly hurt boy on his hands. Podres, it developed, had a slipped disc. He finally was sent home after posting a 5-5 record with Montreal, and was placed in a plastic cast.



arrived at Yankee Stadium from Brooklyn, not a fan around knew who he was.

There was little hope then that Johnny Podres would be of much use to the Dodgers in the foreseeable future.

But Johnny recovered quickly and made it back to the Dodgers in 1953. As a rookie he appeared in 33 regular season games, winning nine and losing four. In the World Series against the Yankees that year, Podres started the fifth game and wound up as the losing pitcher.

Podres will never forget his Series baptism. He had just turned 20, making him one of the youngest starting pitchers in the history of the classic. The first Yankee batter, Gene Woodling, hit a homer. In the third, the Yankees loaded the bases and Johnny was relieved by Russ Meyer, who promptly served up a grand-slam homer to Mickey Mantle.

The following year—1954—Podres was the hottest pitcher on the club in mid-season when he was sidelined for a month with a virulent appendix. He still managed to wind up with an 11-7 record for the campaign.

By this time, Alston had also moved up from Montreal to succeed Dressen as the Dodgers' manager, and the tall man from Darrrtown, Ohio, had high hopes for Podres at the start of the 1955 season.

"If Johnny ever remains healthy for an entire season, he could be the best pitcher in the league," Alston predicted.

The Dodgers got off to a tremendous flying start in '55, winning 22 of their first 24 games. However, the regular season turned out to be another nightmare for Podres. He hurt his arm in mid-June and failed to finish his last 13 starts, winding up with an unimpressive 9-10 record.

Even with Podres ailing, the Dodgers clinched the pennant by September 8th and once again drew the Yankees as their World Series opponents.

Podres' sore arm all but wrote him out of the

Dodgers' Series plans. The pre-series talk concerned the abilities of veteran right-hander Don Newcombe, Karl Spooner, the fast-balling southpaw, and rightie Carl Erskine, who had known some prosperity before against the Yankees. There was precious little talk about Podres.

The Yankees won the first two games behind a pair of lefties—Whitey Ford and Tommy Byrne—at the Stadium. Then the Series switched to Ebbets Field and Podres, a surprise starter, pitched the Dodgers out of the total blackness in the third game.

The Dodgers also won the fourth and fifth games on their home grounds but Ford again pitched the Yankees to victory in game No. 6 at the Stadium to knot the series at three victories each.

In the Dodgers' dressing room after the sixth game, Alston approached Podres and said:

"Get a good night's sleep, Johnny, because I'm going to start you tomorrow in the big one."

Podres was pleased as punch.

"That really made me feel good," he recalls now. "Here was Alston counting on me in such a crucial game although some other Dodger pitchers had more rest."

Johnny, though, didn't sleep too well that night for he realized that the pressure—and the odds—would be piled high against him in that seventh and final game. No team in modern baseball history had ever won the Series after dropping the first two games but now the Dodgers were on the threshold of cracking this jinx.

It was all up to John Podres, 23, of Witherbee, N. Y.

The long subway ride from Brooklyn and the mistaken-identity incident with the young autograph seekers had not damaged Podres' sense of humor. He even exchanged wisecracks with the rival Yankees as he warmed up under a bright Autumn



Sandy Amoros (top) misses in attempt to snag Andy Carey's triple at Ebbets Field. After hurling 2-0 win in the seventh game, Podres gets a gleeful hug from catcher Campanella.



sun at the Stadium.

But once the game started, Podres was all business. So, too, was Tommy Byrne, the man Casey Stengel had selected to wrap up the Yankees' 17th world championship.

The Yankees threatened first when Bill Skowron, who had jolted the Dodgers with a three-run homer to help win the sixth game, bounced a ground rule double into the right field stands in the second inning. But there were two outs at the time and Podres quickly checked the scoring bid, retiring Bob Cerv on an infield grounder.

There also were two away in the Yankee half of the third when Phil Rizzuto, playing in his record 52nd Series game, walked. Billy Martin followed with

a single to right. Rizzuto pulling up at second. Gil McDougald then hit a bounding ball down the third base line. If Don Hoak, filling in for injured Jackie Robinson at third, had fielded it, he may not have made the out.

However, the ball struck Rizzuto sliding into the bag. McDougald was credited with an infield single but Rizzuto was ruled out for getting hit by a batted ball. So the first three innings were scoreless.

It was the Dodgers' turn to shake up the 62,465 fans—and the Yankees—in the fourth. After Byrne fanned Duke Snider, Roy Campanella doubled to left, moved to third on Carl Furillo's infield out, and scored on a solid single to left by Gil Hodges to give the Brooks a 1-0 lead.

Podres got into trouble again in the Yankee half of the fourth. Berra opened the stanza with a flukey double to left-center on which Snider and Jim Gilliam mixed up their signals. But Berra "died" on second as Hank Bauer flied to left, Skowron grounded to second baseman Don Zimmer, and Cerv popped to Pee-wee Reese.

In the Dodger sixth, Reese singled and Snider laid down a sacrifice bunt. Ill fortune then overtook Byrne, who fielded the bunt and tossed to Skowron at first. The Yankee first baseman foolishly tried to tag out Snider and had the ball knocked out of his hands. Both runners were safe on the play.

After Campanella sacrificed Reese and Snider to second and third, Byrne issued an intentional pass to Furillo to load the bases. The 37-year-old Yankee southpaw then was relieved by Bob Grim.

Hodges greeted Grim with a towering sacrifice fly to center that scored Reese and gave the Dodgers a 2-0 lead. Hoak then walked to again fill the bases but Shuba, pinch-hitting for Zimmer, ended the rally by grounding out to Skowron. However, this maneuver was to play an important part in what was to follow, for with Zimmer out, Gilliam switched to second base and little Sandy Amoros went to left field.

Martin opened the Yankee sixth with a walk and McDougald outgalloped a bunt for a hit to put two on with nobody out. Berra then stroked an outside pitch that sailed down the left field foul line. It appeared to be a certain hit.

"That little Cuban will never catch up with that one," a writer murmured to himself in the press box.

However, Amoros, racing at top speed, stuck out his glove and made a miraculous catch in front of the stands. Martin played it safe and was only a few feet from second but McDougald was running on the play and was easily doubled up on a neat relay from Amoros to Reese to Hodges.

It was one of the most electrifying double killings in World Series history—and just about killed the Yankees.

In the bottom of the eighth, Rizzuto, fighting to the last, singled to left. After Martin flied out, McDougald slashed a fierce hopper down the third base line that struck Hoak on the shoulder and bounced away for a single. The Yankees again had two on, with the dangerous Berra and Bauer to follow.

Podres now turned in the finest clutch pitching of the game. With Campanella chirping encouragement to him from behind the plate, Johnny retired

Berra on a harmless pop to Furillo in right. He then fanned Bauer amid a deafening salvo of cheers.

"Just three more outs, Buddy, and we're the champs," Campanella whispered to Podres as the Dodger batterymates walked out to face the Yankees in the ninth inning.

Podres retired Skowron and Cerv on only three pitches and now the Yankees were down to their final out. As Elston Howard stepped into the batter's box, all the Dodgers were hoping that the ball would be hit to Reese.

It was Peewee, their 36-year-old captain, who had played on all five previous Dodger teams that bowed to the Yankees in the Series.

"Let Peewee make the final out," the Dodgers murmured collectively.

Their wish was answered when Howard hit a ground to Reese. Peewee's throw to first was a bit low and wide. The hearts of all Brooklyn fans skipped a beat as big Hodges reached out and grabbed it off the ground for the final out.

"Hodges would have reached across the Brooklyn Bridge for that one," a happy Brooklyn fan chortled as the Dodgers rushed to the mound and almost smothered Podres with unrestrained bear hugs and kisses.

At the moment of that final putout—3:44 p.m.

on Tuesday, October 4, 1955—the millenium had arrived for the Dodgers. They had beaten the hated Yankees, 2-0, and after seven previous Series setbacks, dating back to 1916, the Brooks were World "Champeens."

Podres, the hero of Brooklyn's finest hour, was beside himself with joy.

"Wow!" whooped Johnny. "Wow! Wow! Wow! We finally beat those blasted Yankees. Oh, man, are we going to celebrate tonight."

Across the bridge in Brooklyn, the Faithful already were celebrating. Wholesale delirium struck Flatbush like a bolt of lightning. It rose hoarsely in bars and in poolrooms and even passed contagiously to women shoppers in downtown Brooklyn.

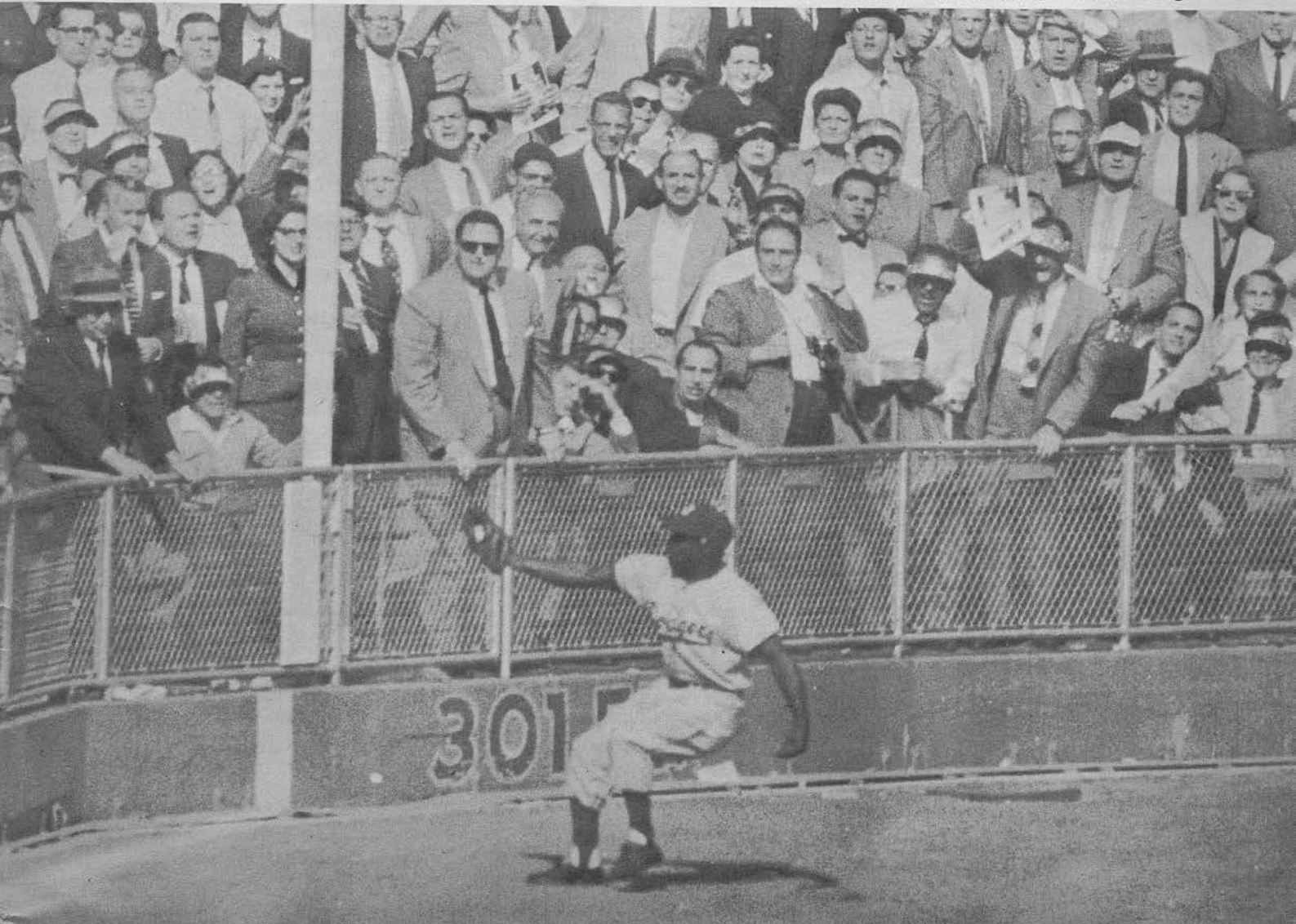
Motorcades raced up and down Flatbush Avenue, horns screaming in chorus.

A delicatessen owner was so overcome he set up a stand on Utica Avenue and started handing out hot dogs—free—to the passing celebrators. For a Brooklyn merchant—or any merchant—this was considered one step short of numbness.

But what the hell—all Brooklyn was numb by this time.

And every Dodger fan owed his jubilation to Johnny Podres, who never again would be mistaken for George Shuba.

The catch that saved 7th game for Podres and brought Bums their first series win was made by Amoros in 6th inning.



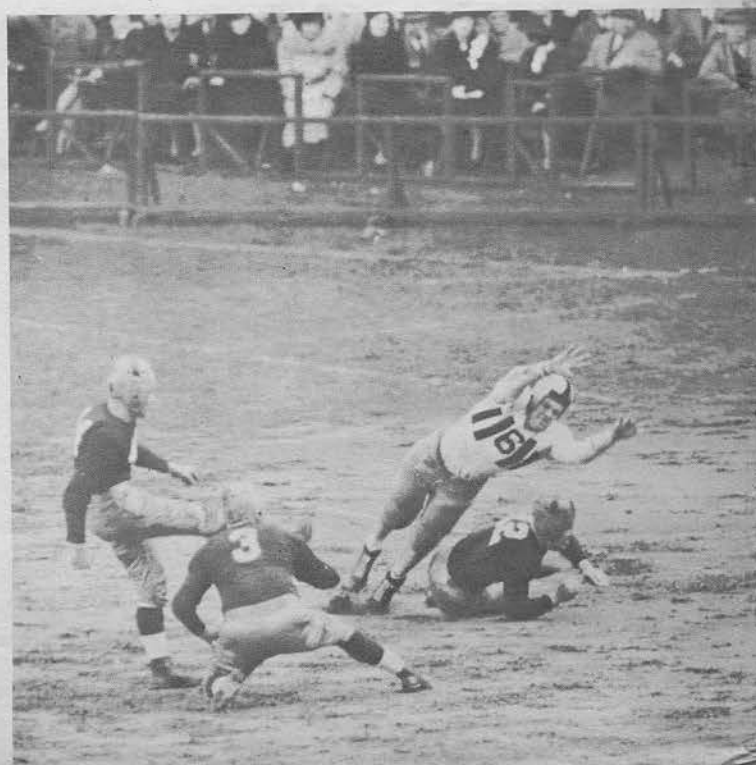


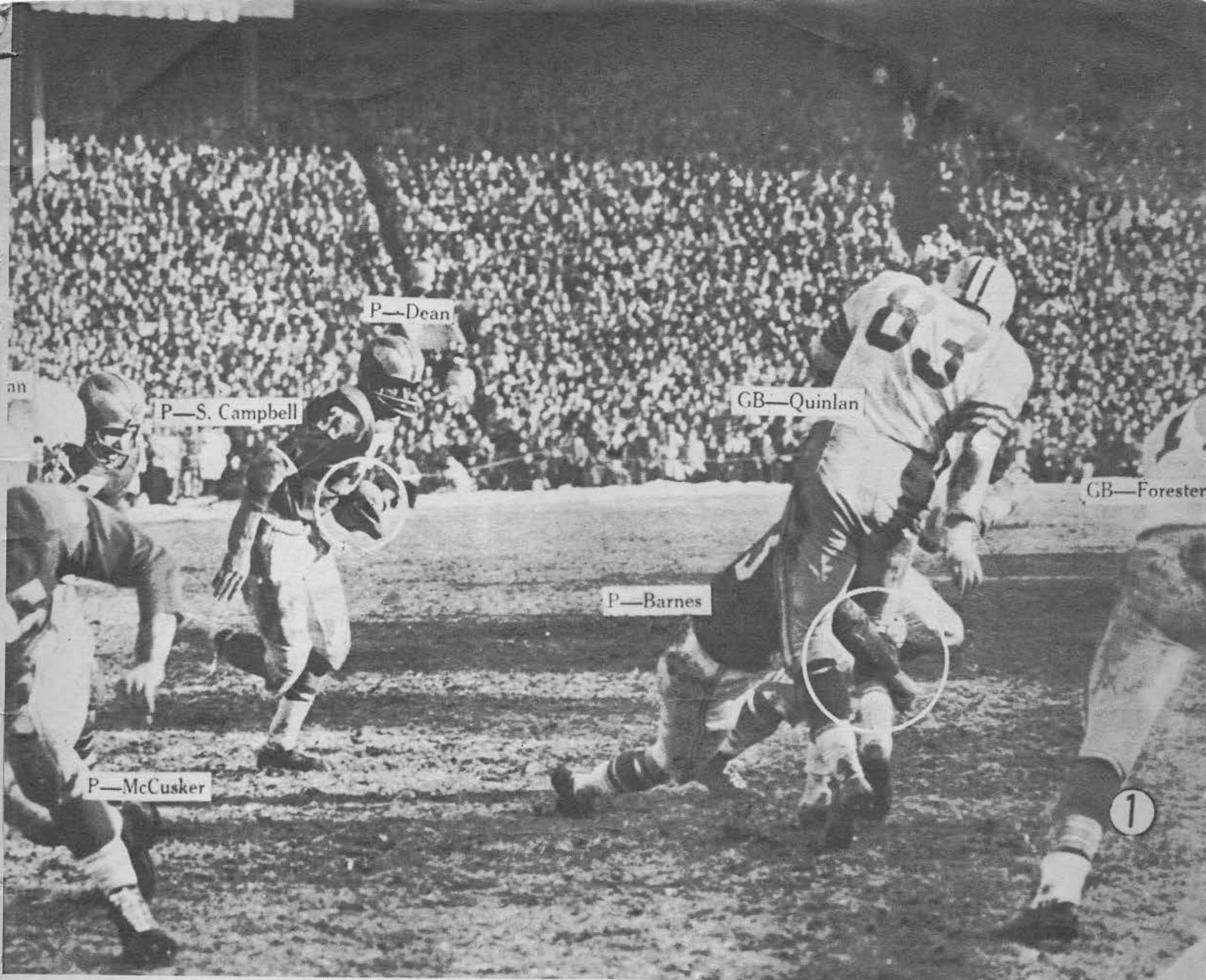
Picking up a blocked punt, Mel Triplett (33) plows down field, carries two Bears, crashes into posts and scores.

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For the guys who work on the gridiron—players and officials alike—getting through a football game is like going through the “school of hard knocks.” Here, learning can be quite a headache!

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As Ted Dean heads for what proved to be the winning touchdown in the NFL playoff last year, teammate Billy Barnes is shown putting an illegal block on Green Bay's Bill Quinlan.



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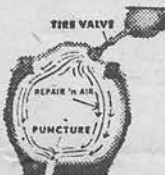
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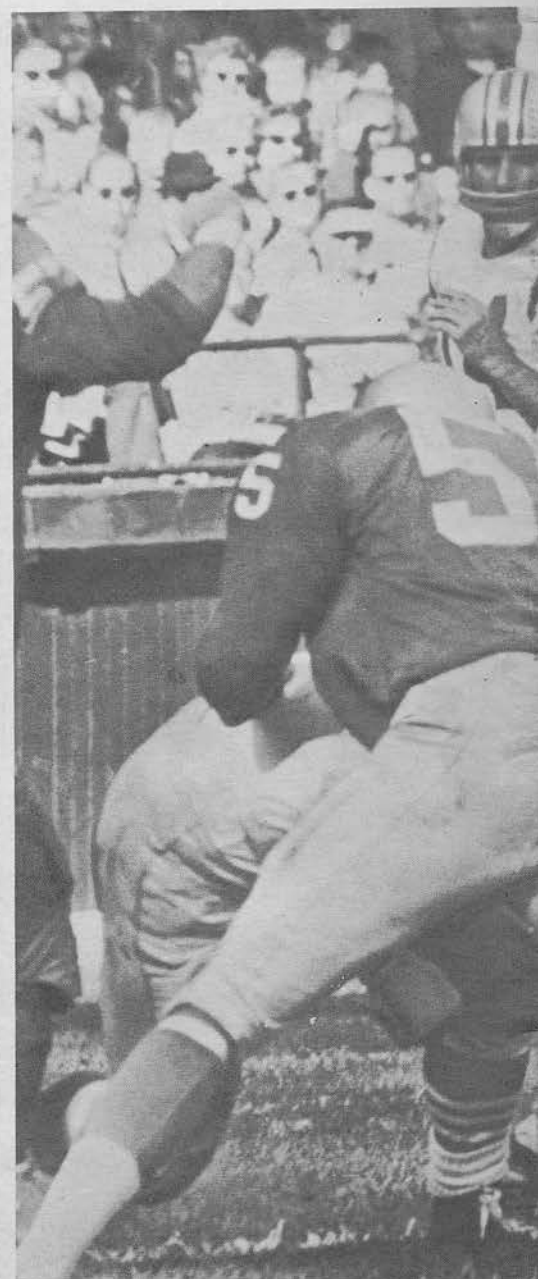
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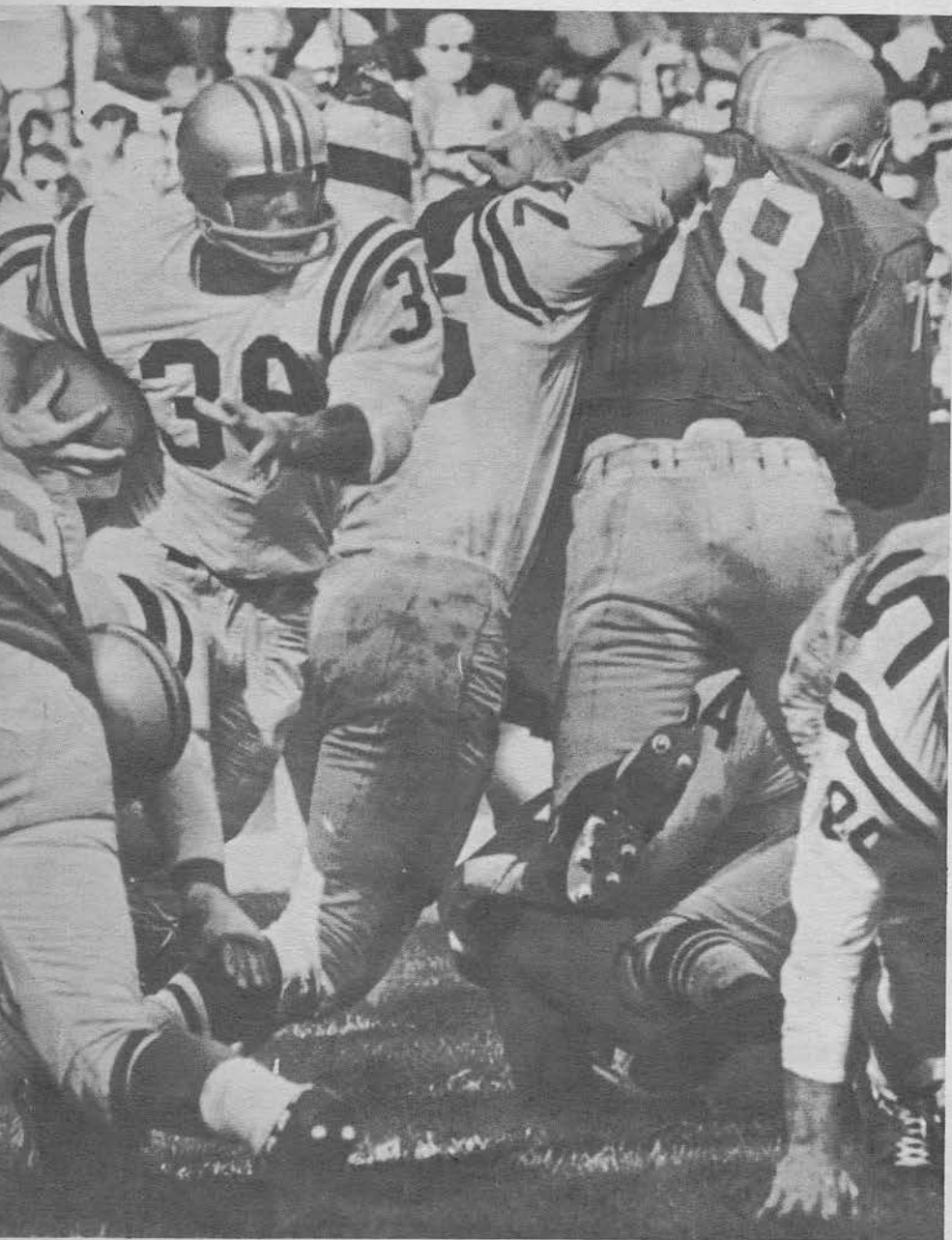
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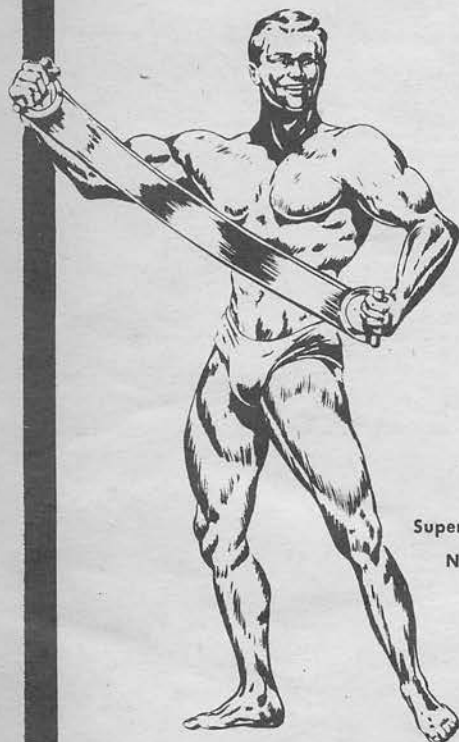
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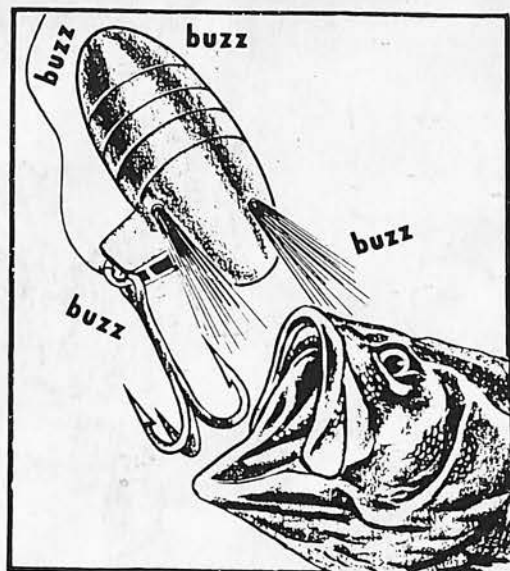
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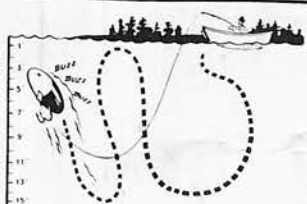
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SWIM-N LURE—\$2.98 EACH with full year's fuel supply or 4 for \$9.98 with 4 years' fuel supply.

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SWIM-N LURE, Dept. 3211
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Yes! I want to try your revolutionary new SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE, entirely at your risk! I am enclosing only the low introductory price checked below! I understand that I may try this amazing Fish Lure for one full month without risking a penny! If I am not amazed and delighted—if it doesn't pull in the prize-winners for me, in any kind of weather, in any kind of water—then I may simply return it to you at the end of that time for every cent of my purchase price back!

- ☐ ONE SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE, with one year supply of fuel—ONLY \$2.98.
- ☐ TWO SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURES, with two years supply of fuel—ONLY \$5.50.
- ☐ FOUR SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURES, with four years supply of fuel—ONLY \$9.98.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

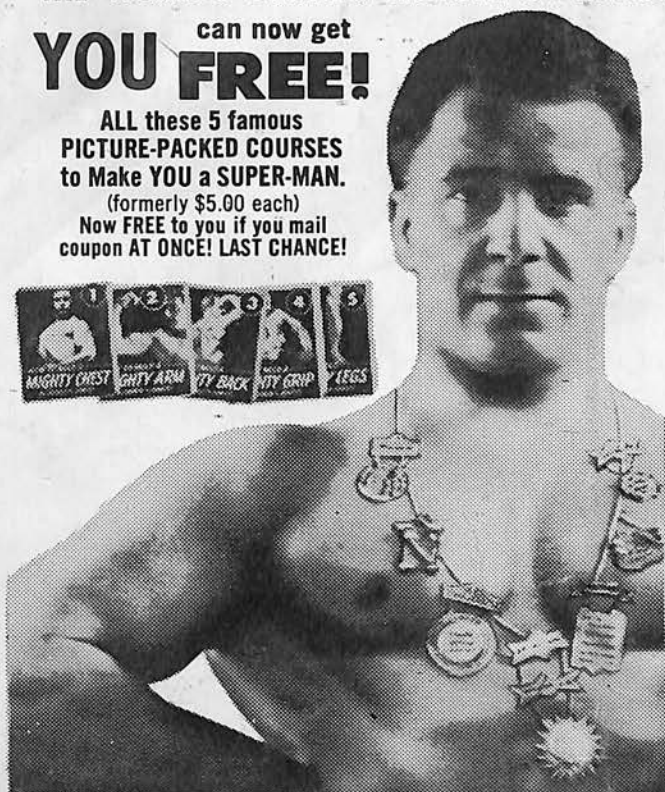
☐ CHECK HERE FOR C.O.D. DELIVERY. Send only \$1 deposit for each lure with your order. Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee, of course.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOLDER OF HANDSOME HE-MEN and CHAMPS out of WEAKLINGS says

can now get
YOU FREE!

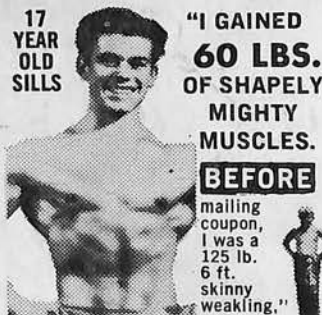
ALL these 5 famous
PICTURE-PACKED COURSES
to Make YOU a SUPER-MAN.
(formerly \$5.00 each)
Now FREE to you if you mail
coupon AT ONCE! LAST CHANCE!



"NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE
I'll show you, by my quick, easy SECRETS

How to GAIN OR LOSE UP TO 50 LBS. FAST

like my pupils here did and THOUSANDS do now."



17
YEAR
OLD
SILLS

"I GAINED
60 LBS.
OF SHAPELY
MIGHTY
MUSCLES.

BEFORE

mailing
coupon,
I was a
125 lb.
6 ft.
skinny
weakling."

says JOHN SILL.

"I LOST
30 LBS.
OF
DANGEROUS
UGLY
FAT

**4 INCHES
OFF MY
WAIST!**

"That 220 lb. FAT-BOY at
the right was ME a few
short weeks ago."

JOWETT streamlined my
body, made me a new man
my 47" chest
my 32" waist
15" difference

attracts admiration at the beach.

**A WINNING CHAMPION
and SPORTSMAN.**

"I am just
41 years YOUNG now.

I LOST
POUNDS of
FAT FAST.
Everyone,
regardless
of age,
should
send for
your
courses.
Soon
they'll
be as proud
as I am."

Paul
Lange



YOU can add
7 inches to your CHEST
3 1/2 inches to each ARM
and the rest in proportion
just as I did.

YOU can WIN the 18" tall
SILVER TROPHY with name on it,
A GOLD MEDAL, \$100, as I did."

45 year old FATHER and 18 year
old SON — now Pals — train
JOWETT way together!



"Both gained pounds of powerful
muscles. Advise all you fathers and
sons to send for the Jowett courses
without foolish delay."

—LARRY CAMPBELL

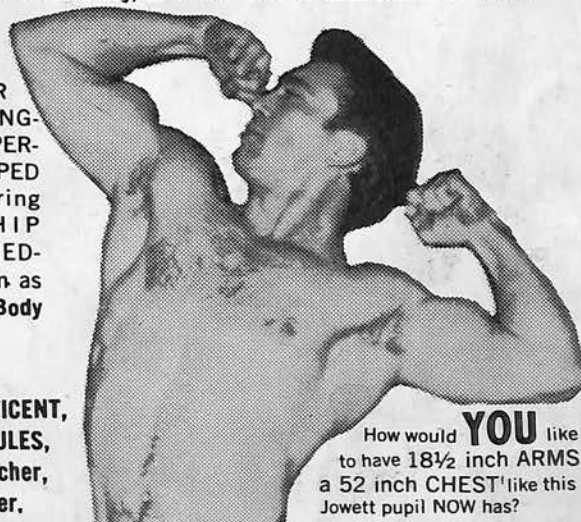
**SKINNY OR FAT, 15, 20, 30 OR 40 YEARS
OF AGE
I'LL BUILD YOU INTO A NEW
ATHLETIC MIGHTY-MUSCLED
ALL-MALE HE-MAN**

in 10 THRILLING MINUTES a day, as I have done to MILLIONS in 35 YEARS."

**GEORGE
JOWETT**

4 TIMES WINNER
WORLD'S STRONG-
EST and MOST PER-
FECTLY DEVELOPED
MAN title, wearing
CHAMPIONSHIP
MEDALS, and MED-
ALS honoring him as
"WORLD'S BEST Body
Builder".

This now MAGNIFICENT,
MODERN HERCULES,
26 year old teacher,
William Butler.



How would **YOU** like
to have 18 1/2 inch ARMS
a 52 inch CHEST like this
Jowett pupil NOW has?

says to YOU, "No matter WHAT your age, I advise you, SEND for the
JOWETT WONDER PICTURE COURSES at once.

Under the World's GREATEST BODY-BUILDER, George Jowett, I
now have 18 1/2" ARMS, a 52" CHEST my STRENGTH has greatly im-
proved. So have my sports. I have won titles like 'Mr. Virginia',
'Mr. State Y.M.C.A.' etc.

**YOU can soon be a HERO of MEN like Butler is
and an IDOL of WOMEN in a few weeks!**

Yes! In just 10 THRILLING MINUTES a day, in the
SECRECY of YOUR OWN ROOM at home, MY RAPID-
FIRE, EASY as ABC FAMOUS PICTURE METHODS
will start building you THE VERY FIRST NIGHT. I'll
show you How to Mold 16 INCH ARMS of MIGHT,
a big, deep 45 INCH CHEST housing TIRELESS
LUNGS, WIDE MANLY SHOULDERS — a BROAD
BRAUNY BACK, tapering to a SLENDER WAIST with
punch-proof STOMACH MUSCLES, LEGS of RUN-
NING POWER.

**WOMEN always say, "I just adore
JOWETT ALL-MALE HE-MEN".**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are
now, if you're in your teens, twenties, thirties or
forties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes
in your home, how you can make yourself over by
the easy, quick method I turned myself from
weak to WORLD CHAMPION and turned MILLIONS
of others into all-male he-men!

YES! You'll ADD INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLES to
your ARMS, deepen your CHEST, broaden your
BACK and SHOULDERS. From HEAD to HEELS
you'll gain SIZE, POWER, LIGHTNING SPEED,
ENDURANCE. You'll become a SUCCESSFUL HE-
MAN in LOOKS and ACTS — a WINNER in EVERY-
THING — athletics, business, studies.



"I'm
proud
of you
now,"
Tony"

Pascarella

BEFORE

mailing
coupon
this
JOWETT
pupil was
this
90 lb.
skeleton.
Gained
70 lbs.
Made
football
team

You wouldn't
give me
a tumble
before
I gained
JOWETT
lbs.

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING, Dept. GS-112
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.**

Dear George: Mail me FREE all 6 HE-MAN Building Picture Courses.
Include PHOTO BOOK of FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

☐ I enclose 10c for mailing and handling.

I am under no other obligation.

I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body I want.

☐ I want to gain lbs. (fill in). ☐ Triple my strength.

☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ ARMS ☐ CHEST

☐ SHOULDERS ☐ POWERFUL LEGS ☐ SLIM WAIST

☐ I want to become a winning athlete. ☐ I want new pep.

NAME AGE

(please print or write plainly)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

FREE

\$80 worth
of Sports,
Self-
defense,
Strong-man
Stunts
Courses
Apparatus.
Let me
know how
to get these
FREE!

JOWETT INSTITUTE, Dept. GS-112 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.